The Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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WORTHLESS CHECKS PASSED ON LOCAL MEN.

Charles T. Bellas Gets Them Cashed and Leaves Town.

TWO $50 CHECKS WERE CASHED.

He is Also Said to be Short in His Accounts With The Scranton Life Insurance Company — Representative of Tippecanoe Assurance Bonding Co. Looking for Him.

Charles T. Bellas, who opened an office in Smethport on April 24th as a representative of the Scranton Life Insurance Company, passed at least two worthless checks of $50 each on business men of Smethport and disappeared on Wednesday of this week.

The checks just issued by Mr. Bellas on the Potter County National Bank were signed by Benson, Pa., the home town of Bellas, and as he was well known to many of the business men of this place they thought they were taking no chances in cashing the checks, and they were greatly surprised when they learned that his checks had gone to protest.

At the office of the Grand National Bank of this place who organized Mr. Bellas is one of its principal promoters and spent a great deal of time here selling the stock to people throughout the country, and everyone supposed he was perfectly good financially. Therefore it is not surprising that he had no difficulty in getting his personal checks cashed.

Bellas left here on Wednesday supposedly for Wellsboro and a few days later E. R. Manchester representing the Tippecanoe Assurance Bonding Company, which furnished the bond required by the Scranton Life Insurance Co., came here to make inquiry about a shortage in his accounts with that company, and those gentlemen who cashed the worthless checks for him learned that he had not turned in the money he had recently collected for the Scranton Life Insurance Company.

Heretofore Mr. Bellas has been considered the soul of honor and he has many friends here who feel certain that no fraud was intended and that he will be able to straighten out his affairs in a perfectly satisfactory manner. At present his whereabouts are unknown.

U. S. FOR GOOD ROADS.

$100,000,000 May Be Spent for That Purpose Within Five Years.

Washington, May 10.—Efforts to expend national money on good roads have always been blocked by assertions that there was no constitutional authority for such purpose, but a method has been found to overcome or get around the sacred document in this regard.

Senator Swanson of Virginia has introduced a bill appropriating $100,000,000 of national money for good roads to be expended in the next five years. He provides that it shall be expended upon roads used as post roads and rural delivery routes. They are the same thing.

If the government marks out a route for a rural delivery carrier to follow it becomes a post road. The constitution gives congress authority to "establish postoffices and post roads." With authority to establish postoffices has been the authority to build post offices. Thousands of such buildings have been provided. By establishing post roads congress establishes its power to improve them. There is no longer a constitutional barrier.

It may not be the Swanson bill, but it will be some bill which will authorize a large expenditure for the improvement of the rural delivery post roads. It is sure to come. The rural delivery service is becoming more popular every year, and every year there is a greater demand for better roads.

Senator Swanson is a member of the postoffice committee and will have all opportunity to push his bill. Moreover, there is a growing belief in farming communities that they are not getting their share of the federal appropriations, and the rural communities control congress.

For Sale.

First class oil country buckboard, nearly new. Inquire of

GEO. W. MITCHELL,

Apr.4-tf Smethport, Pa.

BISHOP TO BE HERE.

Services Will be Held at St. Luke's Church Next Sunday.

The Rt. Rev. Roger Israel, D. D., Bishop of Erie, will visit St. Luke's church for the first time, Sunday, May 14th, and will officiate at both morning and evening services.

The services at 10:30 a. m. will be "An Official Reception of a Bishop on His First Visitation," Holy Communion and Confirmation. Evening prayer and sermon by the Bishop at 7:30.

On Monday evening at 6 o'clock a supper will be given in the parish house to the Bishop and men of the parish.

LICENSE COURT.

All Applications But Two Were Granted—Other Court News.

License court was held on Monday and all cases applied for, but two, were granted. The application for a new bar for the American House, East Smethport, was refused. The application for a license for the Black Bear Hotel, Bradford, was held over until [illegible]

The license asked for by James O'Donnell, of the Cole restaurant, Bradford, was for regular hotel privileges and these were granted. For closely the place had had an earned house license.

Motions made before the court to quash indictments in the Elkhorn bank cases were overruled by Judge Bouton in a decision rendered. The cases will therefore be placed on trial.

John Hilty pleaded guilty to begging and was sentenced to pay costs and undergo imprisonment in the county jail for 20 days. A like disposition was made in the case of William Rowan, who pleaded guilty to begging.

Lucy Davis pleaded guilty to perjury and was sentenced to pay a fine of $1, costs of prosecution and to be imprisoned for one month in the county jail. She is a Port Allegany woman.

Argument court will be held this afternoon and on Friday divorce court will be held.

MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

C. C. Blanchard of Bradford Was Shanghaied.

After Clinton C. Blanchard disappeared at Philadelphia, on February 25th, last, as if the earth had swallowed him, many theories were advanced to account for his disappearance. The prevalent idea was that he had been in some way done to death, either by himself or some evil person for a reason unknown. But a search of several cities and a general inquiry sent throughout the country failed to bring any information that would confirm that theory. Then there was a belief on the part of some people that "Clint" had lost his mental balance and perhaps forgotten his own identity and was wandering about, nobody knew where, in a condition of mind rendering him irresponsible, says Monday's Era.

Yesterday John J. Fox received from Mr. Blanchard a letter written last Friday in Philadelphia which tells how and why the Bradford man disappeared.

He was shanghaied!

The Bradford man was given knock-out drops by three conspirators and when he regained consciousness he was on board an oyster boat in the Chesepeake Bay. He has since been kept away from any port where he could communicate with his friends and not until recently was he put ashore. He then made his way to his mother's home in Philadelphia and sent word to Bradford as to his whereabouts.

Mr. Blanchard's experience was of a most trying kind. He says in his letter that he underwent the greatest hardships during his enforced captivity. Later he will give further details and it is probable that efforts will be made to bring the guilty parties to justice.

Hyde, the Compressed Air Wonder Washing Machine man washes MONEY, Laces and Overalls equally well. They wash every thing ABSOLUTELY clean in the compressed air wonder washer, and no iron comes in contact with the clothes to rust or spot them. five minutes will clean ten ordinary sheets or thirty pillow cases.

Wanted.

Dining room girl at the Hotel Imperial, Smethport, Pa.

Advertise in The Miner.

WAS CAUGHT IN A WELL.

Louis Krampf of Killbuck, Had a Trying Experience.

Olean Herald: Louis Krampf, of Killbuck, was buried in a well late yesterday afternoon as the result of a cave-in. Mr. Krampf was at the bottom of the well, which is 17 feet deep, fixing a valve, when the cave-in occurred. The well was encased with rock, and some of this bridging over, probably saved Mr. Krampf from death.

It required over seven hours to remove the [illegible] rock that was piled over his head, and when he was finally uncovered a rope was lowered and fastened about him, but his legs were buried to the knees, and it was impossible to pull him out.

His brother then descended into the well, and after some [illegible] work, succeeded in releasing him. In the meantime, hot coffee was lowered to him, to stimulate his weakened condition. When finally pulled to the surface he was found to have sustained but slight injuries, but, had, suffered severely from the shock. He feels, however, that he was exceedingly fortunate in escaping with his life.

FOUND SKELETON OF MAN MISSING FOUR YEARS.

Gruesome Find by Boys Solves Center County Mystery. Body Lay Half a Mile From Home.

Excitement ran high in the vicinity of Runville, about five miles from Bellefonte, Pa., Sunday, when two little boys unraveled what was thought to be an unfathomable mystery. The two boys went to the mountain to hunt flowers and finally got on the track of a coon. It ran into the brush and by a rotten log. The boys followed and came upon the skeleton of a man, who evidentally had attempted to cross the log and a fatal accident followed. Lying across the log was his gun and on the ground was a pipe half filled with tobacco. They also found a knife and several dollars in silver. In examining the gun they found the name of George M. Fetzer. The gun was taken home and later a number of men went to the scene and gathered up the bones.

Coroner H. H. Hall of Milesburg, empaneled a jury soon after the discovery of the body and the testimony proved conclusively that the skeleton was that of George Fetzer of Runville who disappeared from home on April 8, 1907.

Mr. Fetzer was a man about sixty years of age and an old soldier of the Civil war. On the day he disappeared he took his gun and dog and started to the mountain for the purpose of shooting a coon. In the evening he failed to return. Neighbors started out with lanterns and spent the entire night searching for the missing man. On April 9 sixty men started out to scour the mountains, but after miles of travel they returned the following day with no tidings of the lost man.

Not finding him for four years, Mrs. Fetzer recently applied to the government for a pension on the supposition that he was dead, but failing to support a claim of this kind, the government refused to comply with her request. Just after Mr. Fetzer had disappeared a check came from the war department at Washington, D. C., for payment of a quarter of his yearly pension, but as he never turned up the check was sent back to the department.

At the post mortem examination it was discovered that nearly the whole top of his head had been blown off by the discharge of the gun, which still had the empty cartridge in the barrel. It will never be known whether it was accidental or whether he took his life, although the supposition is he was trying to get over the log when the gun discharged. Another peculiar thing is that the skeleton was found within a mile of his home. There is a well beaten path that goes within twenty feet of where the skeleton was found, and which was traveled by hundreds of people since that time, yet the body was never found, although much time was given to the search for six months after he had disappeared.

Millinery for Spring.

My Millinery display for Spring is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call on

Mar.23-tf CARRIE CLARK.

There are washers and washers, but only one that does not injure the fabric. That is the Compressed Air Wonder Washer and Hyde sells it at the Rubin Block.

NATELLO-ASHBAUGH.

Well Known Smethport Young People United in Marriage on Saturday.

Mr. Charles Natello and Miss Maude Ashbaugh, both of this borough, were united in marriage at the parochial residence of St. Elizabeth's church, on Saturday morning, May 6, 1911, by Rev. J. F. Dugan. The groom was attended by his brother, John Natello, and the bride was attended by Miss Mayme Griffin.

Mr. Natello is an employee of the Smethport Window Glass Company and the bride has been employed at the Wright House for some time past. Both have a large circle of friends who will unite with The Miner in wishing them a long and happy wedded life.

ATTACHED.

Tannery Affairs in Bad Shape—Goods Attached.

"Last Monday a landlord's wife was served on the lessees of the tannery, by Dr. Duffy, for about $5,000 due as rent on foreclosure of contract, and they have been prevented from shipping any stock on hand until an adjustment has been made. Just what the out come will be is uncertain. The contract held by the lessees is for five years at a rental of $5,000 per year. At the recent meetings of creditors it developed that the lessees are an incorporated company, largely controlled by a little concern who was using this company as a plaything to finish up a share of its hides. When things started to go wrong, the Judson brothers were caught between the business grind, helpless, and they will lose about all they had in the concern. As there are 11 months of the contract unexpired and the stock was being shipped out and no new business being done, Dr. Duffy has stepped in with papers attaching everything for the balance due on the lease. An appraisement will be made Monday, if other arrangements are not made previous, and the property attached will be advertised for sale. Eldred Eagle.

WILL SEE CIRCUS AT BRADFORD.

Thousands From This Section to Visit Forepaugh and Sells Bros. Show.

Thousands of people from Smethport and immediate neighborhood will see Forepaugh and Sells Brothers' big circus at Bradford, on Thursday, May 18. Transportation lines are preparing for the day and the indications point to a great circus event.

The Forepaugh and Sells' Brothers' organization this season is remarkably attractive, more so than ever before in its fifty years of travel. The performance is being given by the world's 400 best artists, the menagerie has been newly reorganized and the forenoon parade is a masterwork of pageantry. The thrillers of the show are the double somersaulting automobile, the Ty-Bells "Human Butterfly" act and the sensational wild riding of the Pajara family of Gypsies.

Capt. Webb's two troupes of riding and juggling seals, Taylors wonderful monkey and dog circus, the Hines-Kimball troupe of acrobats, the Alvo, the Alpine and the La Fayette families of aerialists and the fifty funniest clowns on earth are a few of the more prominent features. There are over 100 big acts, all novelties and the entire show is newly equipped and costumed. Over $3,000,000 has been spent in building the new outfit and the result is dazzling.

For many years the Forepaugh and Sells Brothers' circus has been the pattern of excellence. This year it is vastly improved and enlarged. It now travels on a train more than one mile in length. Its many tents cover ten acres of ground and it gives employment to 1,124 men, women and children. In the menagerie are 728 of the rarest specimens of animal life and in the canvas stables are 550 of the finest horses in the world. The parade equipment was all built last winter in the foreign workshops of the show near Liverpool. The work was done by the best artists, designers, sculptors and spectacle builders of France and Italy.

For Sale or Rent.

New eight-roomed house with good barn and two acres of land. Fifteen minutes walk from Court House. Address LOCK BOX 428,

Apr.20-tf Smethport, Pa.

Wanted.

Dining room girl at the Hotel Imperial, Smethport, Pa.

JOINED IN MARRIAGE.

The marriage of Miss Emma O'Mara of Red Rock and Mr. Andrew Campbell of Smethport, was solemnized yesterday morning at 6 o'clock at St. Bernard's church. Rev. William Coonan performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by immediate relatives of the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell left for a wedding trip to include Cleveland and other points. Both are well known in this city and vicinity and their friends join in wishing them much happiness in their wedded life.—Tuesday's Bradford Era.

The groom is a well-known Smethport man and he has a host of friends who wish them a long life of wedded bliss.

THE MILK WAS TOO THIN.

A Dealer in the Lacteal Fluid and Three Restaurant Dealers Fined $20 Each.

G. M. Pelton, special agent of the dairy and food division of the State department of agriculture, yesterday caused the arrest of one milk dealer and three restaurant keepers for selling milk which failed to contain the required three per cent. of butter fat. All of the men appeared before Alderman Foley and each paid a fine of $20 and costs.

Early in April Mr. Pelton made an unexpected visit to Bradford and took about 50 samples of milk sold by the dealers and restaurant keepers. In all cases except those noted, the milk was up to the standard.

While in the city the special agent stated that heretofore the department has made no trouble for the restaurant keepers, but in the future a more stringent campaign will be inaugurated.

Mr. Pelton was of the opinion that the milk when delivered to the restaurant keepers is of a satisfactory quality, but in many instances the milk is drawn from a cooling tank and the cream or butter fat rises to the top, thus giving the purchaser of a glass of milk nothing more than pure skim milk. Yesterday's Bradford Era.

A DISCOVERY.

Bradford Scientist Brings Out New Fertilizer.

The artificial fixation of atmospheric nitrogen for usefulness in soil fertilization has been a chemical problem beset with many difficulties.

For many years agriculturists have relied on guano and the natural deposits of soda and potash nitrates imported from Chili, as their cheapest source of nitrogen.

Yet these natural nitrates and all artificial nitrate compounds are far from being inexpensive when used as soil fertilizers.

Frank F. Curtiss of Bradford, the inventor of Curtiss Carbon, has just perfected a method for the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen, combining it with carbon and other elements which give nourishment to plant life and which restores to the soil the nitrogen waste.

This nitrous compound can be made by the Curtiss method at a price that makes it the most economical and one of the greatest soil fertilizers known.

The inventor is now negotiating for the sale of all rights to parties in the west.

The fertilizer is produced in the form of a powder and its value for agricultural purposes is vast. The Era congratulates Mr. Curtiss on his latest scientific achievement.—Bradford Era.

Attention! Gardners and Farmers!

We have a full line of garden and bedding plants grown from the best seed obtainable, including celery, cabbage, peppers, tomatoes, cauliflower, egg plants, lettuce, asters and pansies. Ask your dealer for MELVIN'S PLANTS. If he does not have them, write to us for prices, varieties and picture of our place.

MELVIN FARM CO.,

555 h. Main St.,

Apr.4-2t Bradford, Pa.

Something new has developed in the Washing Machine line in the shape of a compressed air washer. That does not injure the most delicate fabric, yet takes all the dirt out of the clothing in 5 minutes. See at the Rubin Block.

Have you seen those wonder washers at the Rubin Block? If not you better get busy. 1t

Advertise in The Miner.

STATE APPROPRIATIONS.

McKean County Institutions Receive Help From State.

Harrisburg, Pa., May 9.—Money matters were uppermost in both Houses to-day, when the appropriations committee reported out bills that will pass.

For the first time in many years the amount reported is within the revenues and the governor will not have to do any cutting.

Among the bills reported in the Senate were the following: Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis League, Bradford, $8,000; Perry Victory Commission, $100,000; Pymatuning swamp survey, $10,000; Bradford hospital, $15,000; statue of Thomas McKean, $10,000; McKean County Historical Society, $2,000; acquisition to toll roads, $25,000; acquisition of county bridges, $25,000.

Among the appropriations reported in the House were the following: Grand View Institution, Oil City, $14,000; Deaton Light Mission, Bradford, $3,500; Kane Summit Hospital, $10,000; Court Interpreters, $100; Commissioner Indian affairs, $2,000; Polk Institute, $661,000; State Insane Hospital, Warren, $50,000; support National Guard, $1,185,000; National Guard rifle ranges camp, $110,000.

COUNTY FAIR INFLUENCE.

One of the most powerful influences in developing improved agriculture has been county agricultural fairs. While some writers are inclined to classify the annual county events as pumpkin shows, their uplifting influence in animal industry and general agriculture is recognized by all intelligent and progressive farmers.

The county fairs are a century old, and primarily were the great object lessons that encouraged advanced husbandry. In the early days of the republic there were few agricultural journals published and but meager opportunity existed to obtain information on intensive farming. The county fair was the great educational force that established and disseminated the newest ideas in farm production and animal industry.

It is a little more than a quarter of a century since the organization of the Department of Agriculture and the organization of the present regime of collecting and distributing the latest discoveries in the advancement of agriculture. Farmers looked in a large measure to their county fairs for progress in their profession. Every county was credited with progressive husbandmen who were experimenting with improved stock, new seeds and the latest ideas in husbandry, and at the county fairs these innovations were exhibited for an object lesson to farmers. If farmers are now benefitted by the splendid organization of the Agricultural Department, by which information is collected and distributed, they are equally indebted to the county fair for inspiration to prosecute permanent agriculture. There is no gainsaying but what county agricultural associations have added millions of dollars to the material wealth of the nation.

With the increase of agricultural prosperity the county fair should maintain its prestige in husbandry. They are subsidiary organizations of all the fairs, and the initial test of the best live stock and farm products of the commonwealth. The best animals bred in the country are exhibited at the county fairs, as well as the best agricultural and horticultural products. The exhibits of animals, vegetables, poultry, fruit and domestic arts keep the whole population informed of the progress of agriculture, and the prize-winners at county fairs are generally the blue-ribbon animals at state live stock expositions.

County fairs provide a large percentage of speed exhibits, and light harness races become one of the most attractive amusement features at county fairs. Speed is a commercial attribute of harness horses, and public tests determine the most fashionable strains of breeding. It is from the county fair that the winners are graduated to be the star performers at the grand circuit meeting. Many county fairs are increasing their speed premiums to encourage entries to their races to swell the gate receipts.—The Fair Journal.

For Sale or Rent.

A farm of 60 acres for sale or rent, situated at the head of Bloomster Hollow. Fine orchard. House, with cellar, and out buildings on it. For information call at this office or to

GEORGE A. SCHLEIFF,

Apr.13-tf Straight, Pa.

FLUNG AWAY LAND

Amazing Grants of Territory to Royal Favorites.

ALL OF CANADA ONCE A GIFT

It Was Handed Over Bodily by James I. to Lord Stirling, Who Didn't Know Enough to Keep It—The Hudson Bay Company's Famous Present.

America has been freely parceled out in gifts since Columbus first set eyes upon the new world. Most of the United States territory has been at some time or other handed over to public and private companies. New York, for example, fifty years after it had been sold for something like $25 was presented with other lands to the Duke of York by his brother, the king, and the name of the city is a witness this day to that transaction. The duke granted New Jersey to somebody else, and a few years before the king had carved out Maryland for Lord Baltimore.

Pennsylvania was given to William Penn, the Quaker who founded the state, in payment, it is said, of a debt that Charles II. owed Penn's father, and the same monarch gave both North and South Carolina to eight London gentlemen who stayed at home, called themselves the lords proprietors and lived on the rents until the people refused to pay any more and George II. took over the colonies.

The story of Colonel Talbot at the beginning of the last century is one of the romances of Canadian history. The colonel went out in 1793 as an aide-de-camp to the governor, and the founding of a colony became the ruling passion of his life. He was given 100,000 acres, which grew later to 470,000, on condition that he place a settler on every 200 acres. Today this territory is occupied by some of the most flourishing towns in the Dominion, and at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign Colonel Talbot, who was then still living, was the recognized chief of twenty-eight towns, all of which had been given to him years before as unoccupied land.

Prince Edward Island, covering 3,000 square miles and embracing such flourishing towns as Georgetown, Charlottetown and Princetown, was given away in 1767 to absentee proprietors and was bought back again on the organization of the Dominion of Canada for £100,000. The Canada company, founded in 1826, received a grant of 1,000,000 acres, and bought 2,300,000 more at the rate of half a crown an acre.

The mention of the Hudson's Bay company recalls what is probably the most famous gift of territory in history. In 1670 Charles II. gave Prince Rupert by royal charter territory 200 or 300 miles wide around the eastern and southern shores of Hudson's bay, in addition to a vast empire of forest and prairie. "Rupert's Land," as the territory was called, ultimately stretched across Canada, from the Atlantic end of Hudson's strait to the shores of the Pacific. As rent for this territory, covering 2,500,000 square miles, the company paid to the king each year "two elks and two black beavers."

Something over forty years ago the Canadian confederation took over the company's monopoly for £300,000, but the company retained a twentieth part of its lands. The original capital of the company was £10,500, and in two centuries its income from furs was £20,000,000.

But the most amazing gift ever made since the world began was surely that made by James I. to Lord Stirling, the poet, who was then his favorite. On Sept. 21, 1621, King James who must have been extraordinarily deficient in geography, made Lord Stirling, then Sir William Alexander, a present of the whole of Canada. The gift, which included Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, was subject to Charles I., and the poet was so moved by the high honor that he declared that he published "An Encouragement to Colonies," a work that attained three editions. The gift became the subject of interesting legal proceedings, and Canada once more became the property of the crown.

The city of Liverpool was given away by William the Conqueror and again by Henry II., who bestowed it on "the keeper of the castle and prison of Lancaster." King John bought the city from this keeper and founded the city. Henry III. leased all the crown revenues and royal customs of Liverpool to the Earl of Chester for £10 a year, and the town changed hands several times between the reigns of Henry III. and Charles Stuart. That unhappy monarch, being in a state of impecuniosity, offered the town for sale, and it was purchased by some London merchants, who in 1662 sold the crown rights for £450. Forty years afterward the rights were purchased by the corporation.

Bombay, the earliest settlement of the British in India, was so lightly regarded by Charles II. that immediately after its cession to England he sold it to the East India company for £10 a year.

What It Was.

"I thought I could get along without glasses awhile longer, but I find I can't."

"Yes? It was an optical illusion."—Smart Set.

The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.—Colton.

NAVAL DESERTERS.

They Face Fine, Imprisonment and Loss of Citizenship.

Every time a fleet of naval vessels visits port there are sure to be a number of desertions. These come about from various causes, and among the deserters is always a large percentage of recruits that come from inland states. To these young men the confinement of a ship and daily drills soon become irksome. This, added to seasickness, to which they are almost invariably subject, produces an irresistible desire to desert. In other instances desertions come about through the men becoming intoxicated and practically irresponsible while on shore leave. In the meantime their vessel may sail. These men are not at first termed deserters, but are set down as stragglers. If, however, after a period of ten days nothing is heard from them by the ship's officers they are then considered deserters.

At the end of the ten day limit their allotment is stopped, the bureau of navigation is notified, and, in conformity to an act of congress, their effects are sold before the mast. The amount realized is placed to their account and the latter transferred to the deserters' roll. At the end of six months, if they still have not been heard from, their wages are declared forfeited to the United States. The penalty for desertion is fine and imprisonment as well as loss of citizenship.

The reward for the recovery of a deserter may not exceed $20, and for a straggler the limit is $10. This sum, together with any expenses incurred by the person capturing and delivering a deserter or straggler, when it is paid by the government is charged against the account of the man. If the enlisted man finds he has been left ashore and if he really had no intention of deserting he may report to the nearest naval station or if in a foreign country to the United States consul. When this is done he is immediately taken off the deserters' roll and accounted merely as a straggler, the punishment for which as a rule is light.—Marine Journal.

FEARED A TRAP.

A Bit of Japanese Strategy That Deceived the Enemy.

Many a man has failed to guess an easy riddle because the simple solution looked like a trap to him. Here is an instance in which this trait of human nature was cleverly played upon by a Japanese nobleman.

The old lord had been forced to flee with only 300 men before an enemy with 10,000 and barely had time to reach his castle ahead of his foes. There were no re-enforcements near at hand, and he knew that if an attempt was made to storm his defenses he and his men would be dead before help could come.

The enemy's forces advanced rapidly, and scouts rode up near the castle to reconnoiter. To their amazement they found the gates, doors and windows open and all the appearance of a holiday celebration. They rode hastily back to inform their master that the foe was dancing and that bands were playing music in the castle.

The powerful enemy was too wise a man to put his head into any such trap as that. The defenders of the castle must have some plan to slaughter his forces by wholesale or they would never invite him in that way. He drew back to a safe distance and encamped to await developments.

Soon the reconnoiterers for the enemy came cautiously back, attacked him suddenly and defeated him, while the garrison, which had risked all on its stratagem, charged him on the other side.

Rossini's Reception of Wagner.

Wagner and some companions called upon Rossini. Hearing them on the stairs, Rossini hastily played the score of "Lohengrin" on the piano, and when the German composer entered he said, pointing to it, "You see, illustrious maestro, I am studying your work."

"But the score is upside down!" exclaimed the other, seeing how the book was placed.

"Yes," returned Rossini calmly; "the fact is I have had it the right way up for some time, but could make nothing of it," and then all present began to laugh, including Wagner himself.—Voice and Violin.

Able to Take Care of Herself.

"Camille, my child," said the gentle dame, "if what I hear is true, Mr. Darkyns is boasting of having made a conquest of you, and I trust you will see the propriety of requesting him to discontinue his visits."

"Don't you worry, maw!" exclaimed the imperious beauty. "When I found out that Hank Darkyns had told Lil Jones I was dead stuck on him I gave him the g. b. You bet he knows he's broke his pick with me, all-right!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Denial Habit.

"Let me caution you about one thing," said the alert sister of the prospective groom.

"Well?"

"When the bishop asks you if you take this woman to be your wedded wife, please don't say there's no truth in the rumor."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Flush Brand.

"Did you ever gaze on royalty?"

"Just once. It cost me $3.75, and the chap who held it drew two cards too."—Detroit Free Press.

By the verdict of his own breast no guilty man is acquitted.—Juvenal.

MUSICAL GLASSES

Mozart Composed For Them and Gluck Played Upon Them.

INVENTED BY AN IRISHMAN.

Richard Pockrich, the Versatile Genius Who Originated Them, Once Used Their Melody to Charm Away the Bailiffs Who Had Arrested Him.

Richard Pockrich, an Irishman who lived in the eighteenth century, was a true genius, a dreamer and an inventor. He proposed metal ships; predicted dying machines, advocated bog drainage and vine planting in the Emerald Isle, invented an instrument for transfusing blood and was for some years a brewer in Dublin.

It was in the domain of art that he achieved his one real triumph, the one by which he is known in contemporary musical history, by which he became known to general European civilization during his lifetime and by which his name will long survive. He invented the musical glasses. These can be heard today in vaudeville houses all over the world and will probably survive as long as the musical art itself. Most of our readers have heard them. They are simply a set of tumbler or goblet like glasses selected for tonal quality to carry out a musical scale. Pockrich seems to have been the first man to be struck by the musical tone in glass, and so he thought the thing out and produced a scale on which he could play any melody.

He exhibited his discovery in Dublin and finally took it to England about the year 1760, where it became the sensation of the hour. Nothing was talked of but the marvelous, simple, new musical instrument. It seemed to the ears of the jaded Londoners that the heavenly art in all its elemental beauty had returned to earth. Far from suffering at so very simple an idea for making melody, the cognoscenti of London went into raptures over the musical glasses. Gluck, the great composer, who was in London, did not disdain to play his immortal airs upon them.

"The opera flourishes more than in any recent year," wrote Horace Walpole to a friend. "The composer is Gluck, a German. He is to have a benefit, at which he is to play a set of drinking glasses which he modulates with water, I think I have heard you speak of some such thing."

Not only did Gluck perform upon Pockrich's new instrument, but Beethoven, Mozart and other great musicians in later years actually composed music for it. Goldsmith refers to it in "The Vicar of Wakefield." Not long after the inventor visited London, and Benjamin Franklin speaks of him in a letter to a friend thus:

"You have doubtless heard the sweet tone that is drawn from a drinking glass by passing a wet finger round its brim. One Mr. Pockrich, a gentleman from Ireland, was the first who thought of playing tunes formed of such tones. He collected a number of glasses of different sizes, fixed them near each other on a table and tuned them by putting into them water, more or less as each note required. The tunes were brought out by passing his fingers round the brim."

To return to a story of Pockrich, who was making occasional tours to England after the invention of the musical glasses, that illustrates the surprising effect of his own performance on them. It is told by his friend Brocklill Newburgh, a gentleman of wealth and position, who lived in Dublin at the time:

"Mr. Pockrich in his brewery near Islandbridge, happening to be one day seized by bailiffs, thus addressed them:

"'Gentlemen, I am your prisoner, but before I do myself the honor to attend you give me leave as an humble performer in musick to entertain you with a tune.'

"'Sir,' exclaimed one of the bailiffs, 'we came here to execute our warrant, not to hear tunes.'

"'Gentlemen,' says the captain, 'I submit to your authority, but in the interim while you are only taking a dram here, Jack (calling to his servant), bring a bottle of the Rosa Solis I lately distilled—I say, gentlemen, before you take a dram I shall dispatch my tune.'

"In the meantime he flourishes a prelude on the glasses and afterward displays his skill through all the pleasing turns and variations of 'The Black Joke.' The monsters, charmed with the magic of his sounds, for some time stand and gaze. At length, recovering from their trance, they thus accost the captain.

"'Sir, upon your parole of honor to keep the secret we give you your liberty. 'Tis well playing upon glasses is not more common; if it were I believe our trade would find little employment.'"

Another musical instrument that Pockrich developed as no man had ever dreamed of before was the drum. He had dreamed of harmony even in the drum. He planned an orchestra of drums only. There were to be twenty of them, varying in size and tone from the smallest trebles to the basses, to be played by one person standing with the drums arranged about him in a circle. Pockrich never succeeded in producing true melody from a concert of drums.

The musical glasses were the direct cause of Pockrich's death. It was while he was upon one of his musical tours in England in the year 1759 that the hotel in London in which he was sleeping caught fire and he was burned to death.—Joseph Lewis French in New York Post.

SKIN OF A BADGER.

So Loose the Animal Can Almost Turn Somersaults In It.

The pelt of an adult badger is extremely thick and difficult for a biting adversary to penetrate, writes a trapper in Fur News, and so loosely does the skin cover the body that the animal is able to turn almost around in its hide.

Should a dog acquire a hold on the throat the badger turns himself so that the dog's grip is on the back of the badger's neck without having loosened his first hold. Then the badger secures a viselike grip upon some vulnerable portion of his enemy, and while his long tusks penetrate to the limit he digs and scratches with his front feet that are furnished with claws almost as formidable and deadly as might be expected from an anteater of the dark continent.

He who has removed the pelt of a badger and is at all observing does not wonder at this animal being sharp bitten and that he is able to hang with bulldog tenacity when the formation and adjustment of its jaws are noted. Neither is it so much of a mystery how he manages to bore through the soil so rapidly that half a dozen men with shovels cannot overtake him, for he is a mass of cords and muscles, particularly in the neck, chest and shoulders, very similar in physical construction to the ground mole.

The badger toes inward sharply when traveling and always on the walk, twisting about here and there very much like the movement of a skunk, while if it be in winter he makes a business of hunting buried dormant woodchucks.

He is a fur bearer of rather coarse quality, and there is a great range of value in the pelts taken, depending upon the length of the coat. A badger is chiefly valuable when it has a long coat, so that the guard hairs can be plucked and used to make shaving brushes.

CORSICAN CRUELTY.

It Loomed Up Large In Napoleon's Treatment of Children.

Napoleon had a singular rage for pulling children's ears, sometimes so hard as to make the poor children cry. Caroline was very vexed when she saw her little Achille the victim of his uncle's caresses, and more than once her son's tears made her weep too.

One day the First Consul, pulling the ears of the little fellow, hurt him, and he cried out. To teach him not to cry his uncle pulled his ear again, harder. Achille, having freed himself, came back to him in a fury and, raising his little fist, shouted:

"You are a villain, a wicked, wicked villain!"

To prove the contrary Napoleon should have embraced his nephew and made him forget the pain he had gratuitously inflicted by some show of affection. But tenderness was not in his character. Corsicans scarcely know what it means, and, though Napoleon used to say, "I am less of a Corsican than one thinks," he was really more so than any one or he himself thought. Instead of quieting his nephew he became angry and gave him a violent slap on the face. The child ran weeping to his Uncle Lucien, who was present, while Mme. Murat was so upset that she was taken ill, "from the effort," says Lucien, who relates this episode, "she made to control her feelings, which such violence to her child outraged. As for the First Consul, he left the room, shrugging his shoulders and slamming the door and saying that Caroline had always been an affected creature and acted like all parvenus who spoiled their children." — Turquan's "Sisters of Napoleon."

Old Time Smallpox Cure.

To cure smallpox was apparently a very simple matter in the good old times. John of Gaddesden, court doctor to Edward II., has recorded that he got rid of the disease by the simple expedient of wrapping his patients in red cloth.

"Let scarlet red be taken," he says, "and let him who is suffering smallpox be entirely wrapped in it or in some other red cloth. I did this when the son of the illustrious king of England suffered from smallpox. I took care that all about his bed should be red, and that cure succeeded very well."—London Chronicle.

Would Do Just as Well.

A well known clergyman who is very stout was having unusual difficulty one morning in lacing his shoes.

"My dear, you ought to have a valet," remarked his wife sympathetically.

"A valet?" echoed the clergyman. "Well, my dear, if I had a valley where I now have a mountain it would answer."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Shifting the Burden.

"I note that you employ a great many quotations from the poets in your speeches."

"Yes," replied the orator. "Just now in my district it is desirable to say as little as possible for which you can be held personally responsible."—Washington Star.

A Better Way.

"I never throw away old junk, for that would make me feel wasteful."

"What do you do with it?"

"I give it away and feel charitable."—Washington Herald.

Paying His Lawyer.

Lawyer (annoyed)—Better take your case somewhere else. You are too thin skinned for me. Client—Hardly pay to skin me, eh?—Boston Transcript.

CORDED A CROCODILE.

Turning a Greedy Water Devil Into a Trussed Up Mummy.

It is known that a crocodile will sometimes leave a river stocked with food, explore for miles an unsuitable tributary, then wander inland until it finds a pool.

In this way three crocodiles once found their way to Taiping lake, in the Malay peninsula. So long as they confined their attention to the fish and an occasional duck no one objected to their presence, but when one of them began to take sheep off the bank as they came down to drink it was felt that the saurians ought to be exterminated, and an Englishman and his servant made the attempt.

Obtaining a dugout, they paddled into deep water. The servant was already barefoot, and the Englishman himself took off shoes and stockings, so that his bare feet might have as good a hold as possible on the smooth bottom of the canoe. A bait was attached to a heavy rattan, and soon a tug and a plunge indicated that the crocodile was fast to one end. Immediately the canoe began to move through the water. After a protracted struggle the Englishman managed to get the crocodile within a few yards of the canoe. At one moment the open jaws would surge out of the broken water and snap together in unpleasant proximity to the man's legs; the next moment the heavy tail would swing free of the water and with the weight of a falling pole would hit the side of the canoe a blow that made it shiver.

As the crocodile surged close to the canoe and the open mouth appeared above the water the servant slipped a noose of stout cord over the upper jaw and pulled it tight some six inches behind the point of its nostrils. Then, with a quick turn of his wrist, he slipped the slack of the cord round under the lower jaw. He drew the cord tight, and the teeth of each jaw pressed home into the sockets of the other. The servant now grasped the point of the long, narrow head with one hand and with the other rapidly wound the cord round the clinched mouth.

Another noose was slipped over a fore leg. It pulled the leg up to the animal's side. The servant slipped the line over the creature's back and caught up the other fore leg. Then he noosed and tied together the hind legs.

The effect he had achieved was wonderful. In a few minutes he had transformed a ravening water devil into a trussed up mummy, and his only weapon had been three pieces of hox cord.

The beast was afterward dispatched, and the servant received the government reward.—Harper's Weekly.

EYE OF THE CAMERA.

Washed Out Blood Stains Cannot Escape the Ultra Violet Rays.

Even before it had been adapted exclusively, by means of special lens construction and combination, to the reception of the invisible ultra-violet rays, the camera eye, owing to its peculiar sensitiveness to this light, has played a strikingly dramatic role on various occasions. One of these occurred a few years ago in Lausanne, Switzerland.

It appears that a handkerchief formed an exhibit at a murder trial and was regarded as a crucial bit of evidence. The closest inspection failed to reveal a stain on the immaculately white cloth even with the aid of a powerful microscope. But it occurred to a professor of Lausanne university to photograph the handkerchief, when the image obtained clearly disclosed the presence of great splotches, or, rather, of what had been such, showing ghostlike in the carefully washed fabric. The photograph proved the turning point of the trial, and the result was conviction.

Blood, as was scientifically explained at the time, happens to be one of the substances that absorb ultra violet rays, and when any of these substances have found their way to a receptive surface no amount of erasing or cleansing can hide its presence from the camera eye. When the latter is equipped to utilize only this invisible light the result is much more marked. Should the neatest erasure be made in writing done with substances specially absorbent of the rays the ultra violet photograph would show the traces of the erasure as plainly as the writing itself.—New York Tribune.

Follows Instructions.

The father of a small family tells us this one:

"My wife instructed our little boy when he was invited out to lunch the other day that when he was asked to have a second helping of cake he should refuse. 'You must say, "No, I thank you, I've had enough," said she. 'And don't you forget it.'

"He didn't. When asked if he'd have some more cake he said, 'No, I thank you, I've had enough, and don't you forget it!'"—Toledo Blade.

Men Are So Uncertain.

"Why did you jilt that man who wanted to marry you?"

"Because," replied the prima donna, "I couldn't decide whether he was in love with me or merely wanted to hear me sing for nothing."—Exchange.

He Got It.

Teacher—Willie, give me a sentence in which the term hook and eye is used. Willie—Me an' pa went fishin'. Pa told me t' bait me hook an' I did.—Baltimore American.

A Fine Voice.

Smith—Your wife has a fine voice. Jones—Yes, one of the best in the world; otherwise it would have been worn out several years ago.

State.

Governor—John K. Tener.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheets.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Henton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles E. Patten, Curwensville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—R. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. R. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Stanley, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank M. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; M. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—M. H. Adell, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders, Clermont; A. E. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. M. Biever, Secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sheburne, J. C. Backus, H. M. Essex.
Justices—E. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—H. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. E. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. A. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 338, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. J. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 340, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 36, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGarvey, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:15 p. m. Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 4 p. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Lucas, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. H. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

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Is, as ever, headquarters for everything [illegible] of

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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Stock is Complete,

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Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

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¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SAGER, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's Cut Flowers and Potted Plants At Brasted's

We also have a nice line of Groceries.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, May 11, 1911.

Local and General.

—Ball ball tomorrow at Kane field.

—Lloyd Downey is confined to his home with measles.

—Fry & Comes have an interesting advertisement this week.

—Westbrook Commercial Academy of Olean has a new advertisement in this issue.

—Sunday, May 14, will be Mothers' Day, at which time it is the custom to wear carnations.

—County Commissioner John P. Devlin is confined to his room at the Wright House with measles.

—Learn how to dress your youngster well and inexpensively, by reading Monheimer's advertisement.

—The new six-cylinder Pierce automobile of John Forrest arrived in town Friday. It is a beautiful machine.

—Miss Laura Gavin has accepted a position as dispenser of cold drinks and ice cream at Hogarth's drug store.

—Mrs. Harry L. Dickus entertained 24 ladies at Bridge Whist at her home on East Main street last Friday evening.

—On Tuesday teams were busy on the streets of this borough picking up all stones in the roads. This is a good job.

—The coverings have been removed from the fountains on the court house lawn, and water sparkles merrily there now.

—Argument court convened to-day at the court house, with Hon. Jos. W. Bouton presiding. There are 24 cases on the calendar.

—Attend the baseball game to-morrow afternoon at Kane field between the Bradford and Smethport high schools. Admission 25 cents.

—The 5th division of the Travelers' Club held a card party and dance at the Lyceum last Thursday evening, which was largely attended. About $50 was cleared, which will be added to the club house fund.

—Paul Edward Phillips of Youngsville, Pa., and Miss Harriet Ann Robson of Eldred, Pa., were united in marriage at St. Luke's Episcopal church, this borough, on Saturday, May 6, 1911, by Rev. W. E. Van Dyke.

—Next Sunday afternoon at the Bradford driving park the St. Bonaventure baseball team will play the Providence team of the Eastern league. This will undoubtedly attract many Smethport lovers of this game.

—Andy Mangan returned Saturday from Bradford where he attended the Elks fair and incidentally looked over the political field. He contemplates being a candidate for sheriff of McKean county at the coming election.—Kane Leader.

—Sunday afternoon the I. O. O. F. band gave a very enjoyable concert in the band pavilion on the court house lawn. A large crowd listened to the music, and it is to be hoped the band will favor us with many concerts during the coming summer. This band is one of the best in this section and it is a pleasure to listen to their concerts.

—The McKean County Sunday School Association will hold its annual convention at Mt. Jewett, June 1 and 2, in the Presbyterian church. The organization is interdenominational and a large attendance is expected. The speakers are specialties in their line and the meeting will be one of great interest and helpfulness as they have been in the past.

—The borough schools will close June 8th. The graduating class this year consists of 14 people, 9 of which are young ladies and 5 young gentlemen. Their names are: Edna Anderson, Alberta Corry, Theo. Freeman, Aletha Pickersgill, Marie Purtle, Laura Gavin, Viola Barker and Jennie Kohn and Robert Daly, Elmer Quick, William Colegrove, Allen King and Dewber Simpkins.

—Maddened because his brother had prevailed upon him to stay home, William Larter, aged 23 years, shot and killed the brother, George Larter, aged 30 years, secured the note from the dead man's pocket, tore it into shreds and then fired a bullet through his own head Friday night. Both men died before assistance arrived. George Larter was one of the best known yachtsmen on the Great Lakes.

—Viewers have been appointed to report to the court on changing the road between Silver Springs hill and the Arnot home, between here and Barrville, and they will meet on the grounds on Tuesday, May 23rd. If favorable, the change will cut off one of the worst pieces of road between here and Coudersport. The proposed route crosses a portion of the Arnot farm, the Dan Clark farm and the Lindstrom farm. The viewers will incur the displeasure of the people of that section if they report unfavorably.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—As an expression of appreciation of the manner in which the members of the Mt. Jewett hose company performed their duties both as firemen and citizens during the recent disastrous fire in Mt. Jewett, Elisha K. Kane has since presented the hose company, through the president, A. O. Downey, with a check for $100, together with his thanks and commendations. During the week E. Colpdist circulated among the citizens of Mt. Jewett and received, at their hands something over $300 as a token of regard for the manner in which the firefighters conducted operations during that and other fires where their services have been in demand.

—The House at Harrisburg has done an excellent thing in passing almost unanimously the bill prohibiting the employment of boys under 16 in the coal mines. Mr. Dunn, of Cambria, objected to it in the interest of the fathers who wish to get as much money out of their children as possible. Mr. Shadrack, of Luzerne, supported the bill because he had had personal experience as a child laborer; he had been set to work in the coal mines at the age of eight years. The right of the boys to grow up healthy and to acquire an elementary education, and the right of society to have healthy and intelligent members, demand very considerable restrictions upon the employment of children in any occupations.

Harrison.

William Henry Harrison had to work as a farmer and clerk of a rural court to make a livelihood. He died just after his presidency began.

PRESENCE OF MIND

May Make Heroes of Physical Cowards In Time of Danger.

NOT A MATTER OF COURAGE.

It Is the Sudden Impulse That Moves One to Do the Right Thing In an Unexpected Emergency—A Soldier and a Shell and a Man and a Murder.

There is a distinction to be drawn between presence of mind and courage. Persons who naturally are timid and nervous will in circumstances of great danger and excitement perform acts of heroism that would be beyond their powers on ordinary occasions. We speak of these as instances of presence of mind. But if you ask them they would tell you that an involuntary impulse rather than any premeditated course of action guided their will on the occasion. Had they time for reflection when all the threatening danger to themselves had become clear to their minds their natural timidity of character would have asserted itself and deprived them of action.

It is absence of fear that prompts the soldier under a heavy fire from the enemy's guns to go to the assistance of a wounded comrade and bring him to a place of safety, and nothing in human nature can compare with such self sacrifice. But in times of sudden emergency it is not always the bravest who act with promptitude. The following story is an instance of this:

One of our transports was returning from the Philippines with invalided men, and one morning at sea a group of officers on the deck discussed the subject of firing shells. A soldier was told by the colonel to bring an empty shell with a fuse. The colonel took the shell in his hands and, striking a match, lighted the fuse. As this slowly burned and the colonel proceeded with his address to the other officers another soldier passed the group, and the moment he caught sight of the shell he rushed forward, exclaiming, "Look out, sir; the shell is a live one!"

Then he did what never seemed to have come into the minds of any in the group of officers. He seized the shell out of the hands of the colonel and threw it into the sea. For this service he was promoted. The soldier who had been told to bring an empty shell had gone to the wrong magazine. Those who talked with the man touching this incident say that he repudiated any idea of having done a brave thing. "I don't know," he said, "what made me seize the shell out of the colonel's hand, but it came suddenly into my mind, and I did it." It is this wave of unconscious thought which constitutes true presence of mind. This will come to people of nervous and even cowardly natures.

There is of authentic record the case of a man known to be utterly deficient of courage who saved himself from a very awkward situation by an exhibition of real presence of mind. He was an Englishman and lived in a town in the midlands, where he was an organist. Late one evening he was returning home through some of the back streets, which at that hour were more or less empty of people. As he went along, however, he noticed some distance ahead of him a man and a woman walking side by side, the man's arm being around the woman's neck. Just under a street lamp the couple stopped for a moment, when the organist heard a piercing scream and saw the woman slowly falling from the man's arms. Almost before she had reached the ground the man darted away down a side street and disappeared.

When the organist came up to the woman he found, to his horror, that she was lying in a pool of blood. His first impulse was to run away and get clear of the terrible scene, but his better feelings prevailed, and he knelt down beside the poor woman to see if he could do anything for her. When he raised her head he found she was quite dead, with her throat cut from ear to ear. Beside her on the pavement lay a blood stained razor.

The organist was overwhelmed with horror. Before he could collect himself a group of people had gathered, and presently he heard expressions such as "He did it." "I tell you I saw him." "There is the razor." "The fiend. Where are the police?" "Hand him over!" It was certainly a very awkward position, as the rough character of the people might tempt them to take the law into their own hands and use him very badly. The arrival of a policeman seemed to steady his nerves for a moment, and then came a wave of inspiration that might truly be called presence of mind. He seized the dead woman's wrist and, pulling out his watch, went through the form of feeling her pulse. Then he put his hand over her heart and, turning to the policeman, said as calmly as he could: "I am sorry to say that I can be of no further service here. The poor woman is quite dead. There is no action in the heart or the pulse."

In an instant the murmurs of the crowd changed, and he heard "He's the doctor" on all sides. This was his opportunity, and, slowly rising and affecting to be in no hurry, he passed through the crowd, who made way for him. But when he got clear of the street and came to the first turning he took to his heels and ran for all he was worth. The cowardly spirit got the better of him in the end. He heard the next day that the murderer had gone straight to the police station and given himself up.—New York Press.

DEEP SEA DIVERS.

Death Always Hovers Round Them While They Toil.

PERILS THEY HAVE TO FACE.

The Awful Pressure of Water and Air That May Bury or Burst Them—The Helmet Telephone a Wonderful Aid in Work and in Times of Danger.

It is surprising to learn how many uses there are for divers. The navy, of course, employs many to set submarine mines and torpedoes and to attend to investigations of the condition of ships' bottoms. Bridge construction companies use them, as do those who build dams, waterworks and reservoirs. Waterworks in large cities keep a diver on their staff constantly. Wrecking companies need their services, and the profession of underriver tunneling makes many demands on the time and skill of the man in armor.

Since Smeaton in 1770 designed a pump to supply air to the diving bell little real improvement in the art has been made, save in detail of helmet and clothes, until the invention of the telephone. The greatest advance ever made in the art, divers will tell you, is the combination of the telephone with the diving suit. Before its advent divers had to depend entirely upon pulls on the life line for communication with the surface and upon signs to each other when under water if two wished to communicate. Today the modern diving helmet is equipped with a telephone, and the diver can not only hear what is said to him from the surface, advise those in charge of his pump as to whether the air is "coming right" or not, but he can communicate to a brother diver and hear the instructions sent to him from the surface, all of which facilities are of great assistance in the work.

At first thought it may not seem so difficult a thing, this going down under water and breathing air sent in from a pump by a tube. But the physical drawbacks to the work are enormous. For every ten feet a diver descends he sustains an additional pressure of four and a half pounds over every square inch of his body. What this means may be better understood when considering the greatest depth ever made by a diver—204 feet. His body at that depth sustained a pressure of eighty-eight and a half pounds to the square inch over and above the fifteen pounds always sustained when in the air.

Divers must descend very slowly, swallowing as they go; otherwise they may bleed at the nose and ears and even lose consciousness. And they must ascend even more slowly than they descend, particularly when coming from great depths; otherwise they may literally burst from internal air pressure. At the least, too sudden a rise may cause an attack of that terrible disease known to tunnel workers called caisson disease, or the bends, in which air gets into the tissues under pressure and causes the most extreme torture.

The diver, getting ready to descend, clothes himself in very heavy underwear of guernsey or flannel, the drawers well secured to prevent slipping, and adds a pair of heavy woolen socks. If the water be cold two such suits may be worn. If the depth to be negotiated is great cotton soaked with oil is put in the ears or a heavy woolen cap pulled down over them. Shoulder pads, if worn to take the weight off the helmet, are next tied on; after which the diver wriggles into his heavy suit of rubber and canvas. Next come the inner collar and the breastplate, which are secured with clamps to the rubber dress, the utmost care being taken in this operation not to tear or pinch the rubber. Finally the shoes are fitted on and the rubber gloves clamped to rings in the sleeves.

The helmet is the last to go on, and never before the valves and telephone have been tested. The attendants start to pump as the helmet is clamped home. The helmet is attached to the pump with a rubber tube, which is canvas and wire protected. No diver descends, after the helmet is put on, until he has tested the outfit and found that his air supply is sufficient and the pump working properly.

He is supplied with a life line, with which he can signal should his telephone get out of order and by which he may be drawn to the surface should he become helpless for any reason. He must take great care when walking about on the bottom not to foul his life line or his air tube and for this reason must always retrace his steps exactly to his starting point if he has gone into a wreck or about any obstructions. For the same reason two divers working together must be careful not to cross each other's path.

Sometimes the life line may become so entangled in wreckage that it must be cut, and then there is danger of the diver not finding his way back to his boat or float, especially if the bottom is muddy and fouls the "sceing." But the greatest danger of all, of course, is that the tube be cut or the diver faint. In either case he is in desperate straits. If the man handling the life line "feels" anything wrong he will haul the diver up willy nilly and regardless of the severe bleeding at nose and ears which will result from too rapid a rise to the surface. But if the diver be inside a wreck or if his life line gets tangled in wreckage such hauling would do no good. It is in situations like these that the slender connecting link of telephone wire means so much to the men who risk their lives far beneath the surface of the water.—Scientific American.

A Quiet Place.

"Business is pretty slow here just now," confessed the Squam Corners merchant.

"I judged so," replied the baking powder drummer, "when I observed that they had laid off one of the hands on the town clock."—Puck.

The Clock.

The clock struck nine. I looked at Kate,
Whose lips were luscious red.
"At quarter after nine I mean
To steal a kiss," I said.

She cast a roguish look at me,
And then she whispered low:
"Don't mind that stupid clock, my dear.
It's fifteen minutes slow."
—Albany Times-Union.

Queer.

Reuben—Josh says thet city feller gev him a hundred an' some odd dollars fur thet horse o' his'n.

Silas—You ain't heerd the hull of it. When he took them dollars to the bank he found they was all odd.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Gordian Knot.

The famous Gordian knot was made of leather taken from some part of the harness belonging to the chariot of Gordius, king of Phrygia. It seems that this knot was so tied that the ends of the leather thong were not visible, hence the difficulty in loosening it. Many must have tried to untie it, for its fame as a "sticker" at last reached the great oracle, which declared that the lucky experimenter should be rewarded by the kingship of Persia. Alexander, trying his hand and meeting with no better success than the others, drew his sword and cut into the knot until he found the ends of it.

Right to the Point.

When the lord chief justice visited Ireland he was often entertained by a hospitable gentleman who had an old butler, who took the privilege of speaking his mind freely. On one occasion the claret did not quite meet the host's approval, so he called the ancient butler and said:

"I told you you were to get the best claret on the table. Is this the best?"

"No, sorr, it is not the best claret," replied the old fellow, "but it's the best ye've got."—London Tit-Bits.

Knew He Was Worshiped.

"In Paris Mr. Whistler and an English painter got into a very turbulent argument about Velasquez at a studio tea," said an artist. "Mr. Whistler at one point in the argument praised himself extravagantly. The Englishman, listening, snorted and said at the end:

"'It's a good thing we can't see ourselves as others see us.'

"'Isn't it, though?' said Mr. Whistler. 'I know in my case I should grow intolerably conceited.'"

Theology and the Thermometer.

A point of theology is raised by Sir Francis Younghusband in "India and Tibet." "An interesting detail," he says, speaking of the religion of the natives, "is that their hell is not hot, but cold. If it were hot the inhabitants of [illegible] would all flock there."

Clever Auntie.

Travelers in Japan were fearful that Japanese dentists can take out teeth with their fingers. Little Jack—Auntie may be, but she can't do it with her fingers.—Punch.

Perfection.

Perfection does not exist. To understand it is the triumph of human intelligence; to desire to possess it is the most dangerous kind of madness.—Alfred de Musset.

Slim every day takes out a patent for some new invention. Whipple.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Good Groceries

We hold our customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Automobiles

I have secured the agency for Studebaker-Dayton cars for Elk and McKean counties. If you are thinking of buying [illegible] consult me. 33 different [illegible] desired. Prices [illegible] to $4000.00. Effective [illegible]

J. W. WITTMAN, Jr.,
Agent.
ST. MARYS, Elk County, PENNA.

Horses for Sale.

One pair of six-year olds, well matched, good workers and good drivers, weighs 2800.

One odd horse, 8 years old, good single or double. Phone 14-L or address

ALBERT E. HACKETT,
Meh.2.tf. Smethport, Pa.

GOOD JUDGES OF FOOTWEAR always favor those shoes where quality and style are so combined as to afford the greatest degree of comfort, as well as beauty and grace of form. This combination in its perfection is rare but in the shoes sold by ANDERSON & CARLSON it is a very prominent feature. The result of the highest attainable skill in shoemaking.

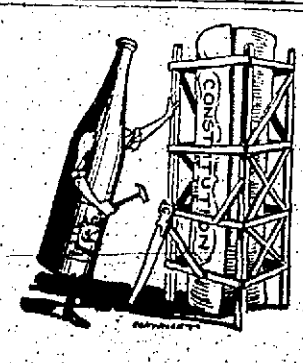
ANDERSON & CARLSON'S,
The Shoe Men,
Smethport, Penna.

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE



BUILDING UP THE CONSTITUTION

is more than half of the secret of longevity. Don't try to live on your "by-laws"—get the constitution on a good basis. First aid to an injured constitution is a glass of Beer. Second aid is another glass of ditto. Third—well, you take the hint, don't you?

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
Wholesale Liquors,
Smethport, Pennsylvania.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own poetics and no patent medicine from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, May 11, 1911.

H. H. Redfield of Smethport is being favorbaly mentioned for the position of Republican county chairman.—Bradford Era.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, celebrated his 75th birthday anniversary on Sunday last.

June 22 will be a great day in England. It is upon this day that the King and Queen will be officially confirmed as sovereigns over the United Kingdom. Great preparations are being made for the coronation ceremonies.

H. H. Redfield of this borough is spoken of as probable candidate for Republican county chairman this year. Mr. Redfield, we understand, is not a candidate for the office, but if the party could prevail upon him to accept the position, he would make an unusually good chairman and could do much for the good of the party.

Republican voters cannot be too careful about making promises to support certain men for office this early in the game. If we are going to win this fall we must have all able, representative men on the ticket and the voters are the ones to make these selections. It is good policy to wait until all the candidates have announced their candidacy and then only give promises to the best men.

We understand that a meeting of the Republican county committee will be called before long and certain business taken, most important of which is the selection of a county chairman. Heretofore the county chairman has been selected after the primaries but owing to the fact that this year the primaries will be held so late, many of the candidates favor the selection of the county chairman at an earlier date. In making this selection unusual care should be taken to select a man for this important office who will be satisfactory to and work in harmony with all the candidates, no matter what faction they represent. We think this is an excellent idea and the sooner the meeting is called the better.

It is one of the interesting features of the Mexican situation that the government of the day is seeking support from all kinds of people by spreading the story that the Americans intend to invade their beloved country. That argument is reinforced, we are told, by the disinterested and devoted concurrence of citizens who are subjects of the rulers of several foreign countries. It is not probable that the real rulers of Mexico, at least those who are still assuming to act in that capacity, sympathize very strongly with such a movement: Nevertheless, they must be aware of it and possibly may countenance it since men in power, fighting for their power, if not for their lives, incline to resort to devices which in better moments and with a higher sense of security they would never resort to. It need not affect Americans that such stories are told of them, for our people have been traduced to Mexicans, Central Americans and those in the southern part of the hemisphere for a whole century or ever since our own republic began to draw away from and ahead of all competition in this Western world. The sober-minded perceive that President Taft has endowed himself with correctness all the way through the difficulties of the situation.

With the Democracy of Pennsylvania divided into three distinct factions, each one fighting to outdo the other two in spite and hatred, and with the Keystoners throwing mud at all the Democratic factions and dust in the eyes of the people generally, the chances for Republican advancement were never better.

The Democratic faction once led by the late James Kerr, which boasts of its friendship for W. J. Bryan, will have nothing to do with either the Guffey faction or the Guthrie faction of the Democrats. Here is what the Clearfield Republican, the organ of the old Kerr faction, says of the Guthrie faction:

The Guthrie "reorganization" has nothing behind it except the good character of Mr. Guthrie, the admitted honesty of Vance McCormick and the ambition of A. Mitchell Palmer. It has neither franchise nor votes. Politically viewed it is a joke and must sooner or later die of inertia or anaemia.

In the meantime the Republican party of the State is moving ahead without friction or contest. That organization is taking advantage of every battle between the Democratic factions. The State administration and the accepted leader of the party in the United States senate are devoting themselves to a general advancement of the cause of their party. Speaking of United States Senator Boies Penrose the Pittsburgh Gazette Times says:

The Gazette Times is not unmindful of the severe criticisms and harsh judgments that have been visited upon Senator Penrose because of his partisan activities and his energy in organization. In this regard, in many instances and on many occasions, he has been cruelly wronged and maliciously or ignorantly misrepresented. As a matter of fact, sent to Washington by high commission to represent the people of Pennsylvania, for fidelity, resourcefulness, profound knowledge of all that relates to his constituents, discriminating judgment as to the merits of various important subjects of legislation, capacity to achieve and ability to debate, he has few superiors at either end of the capitol. He is a very gourmand for hard work, a general of consummate skill in direction and management, and scrupulously thorough in the endless detail that fails to senatorial duty.

Mr. Penrose's services in the senate has been creditable alike to him and to his state, and his fellow-Republicans in Pennsylvania have reason to be proud and grateful that at 50 years he has reached such honors in a forum which demands the highest talents and compels the full measure of intellectual attainments of any man who aspires to the seats of the mighty.

PERSONAL MENTION

Sandford L. Fry is a Buffalo visitor this week.

Mrs. C. H. Gleason was an Olean visitor Saturday.

Nell Gleason is the guest of Reynoldsville friends.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce returned from Bradford Saturday.

Miss Bessie Hungiville of Rixford was in town Saturday.

Mrs. N. W. Heinneman of Colegrove was in town Saturday.

Miss Theresa Sullivan of Kane was in town on business Friday.

Mrs. Carrie Clark was in Buffalo on business Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. Thomas Bahan of Colegrove was a Smethport visitor Thursday.

W. P. Eckels of Kane was calling on friends in this place yesterday.

John Miller of Jamestown, N. Y., spent Sunday with relatives in town.

H. W. Rubin was a Buffalo and Rochester visitor last week on business.

Charles Landen of Mt. Jewett was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

Mrs. Marie E. Rice of Coryville was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday.

Mrs. Curtiss of New Castle, Pa., is visiting her daughter, Miss Margaret Curtiss.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Koenig of Eldred were Smethport visitors a few days last week.

Miss Zella Means left Saturday for Coraopolis, Pa., where she will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lee were Bradford visitors Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Bolton, Mrs. J. W. French and Mrs. John Miller were Bradford visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Chas. Carr and Mrs. A. A. Abbey attended the L. O. T. M. convention in Bradford last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hascel Hockenberry and son, Richard, of Shinglehouse are the guests of relatives in this place.

Miss Anna Nelson returned Tuesday from Port Allegany where she attended the funeral of her infant brother.

Mrs. Curt Witherow returned home Wednesday from Clermont where she had been visiting her parents for the past two weeks.

The Misses Alice and Lethia Stull, Margaret Keating and Hazel McAllister were in town Saturday for teachers' examinations.

Miss Nellie Masser who has been teaching school in one of the New York City schools is a guest of her mother, Mrs. Mary Masser.

J. C. Backus and John Sambaugh went to Buffalo on Monday and drove home a four-door Flanders-20 touring car for the Backus Novelty Co.

L. LaBarron, who has been the guest of his sister, Mrs. J. D. Irons, for some time, left for his home in Hammond, Pa., Tuesday.

Miss Vera, Theo and Flossie Freeman were Kushequa visitors over Sunday. They were accompanied home by their sister, Miss Edna.

Mrs. Sydney Owen of Port Allegany visited friends in Smethport last week on her way home from the W. C. T. U. convention at Kane, to which she was a delegate.

The two children of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hammar, Gene and Elner, accompanied by their nurse, have returned home from Corpus Christie, Texas, where they spent the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Hammar will return later.

"PROHIBITION BATTLE HYMN."

All Rights Reserved.
Mrs. E. T. Latshaw, 1 Foreman St., Bradford, Pa.

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Mine eyes have seen the sorrow
That the Demon Rum hath wrought
And of the sad tears falling in many a home and cot.
But the Star of Hope is beaming
And a voice comes clear and strong,
We will undo the wrong.

Chorus.

Glory, Glory Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory Hallelujah!
Our Lord is marching on.

We have heard the cries of childhood,
Our grey-haired mother's pleading,
Seen broken homes and heartstones
And shattered hopes en tale.
But the Star of Hope is beaming
And a voice comes clear and strong
We will undo the wrong.

Chorus.

In the midnight watch be called us
Stand in your place like men,
The helpless are appealing,
And you must them defend.
The Star of Hope is beaming
And a voice comes clear and strong,
We will undo the wrong.

Chorus.

Going forth with Christ our Leader,
Trusting him we cannot fail,
For He is the God of Battles
And the right will soon prevail.
For the Star of Hope is beaming
And a voice comes clear and strong.
We will undo the wrong.

Chorus.

INHUMAN WOMAN.

Drugged Baby Only a Few Days Old and Left It to Its Fate.

A boy baby only a few days old, drugged with paregoric, was found on a Pennsylvania Railroad train Friday by the conductor and turned over to the hospital at Kittanning, Pa., where the little waif died Saturday morning. On Friday a woman carrying an ordinary grape basket, boarded train No. 511, at New Kensington, and left the train at Garver's ferry. Soon after her departure the conductor found the basket hidden under the seat, discovery being due to a search that followed hearing the faint cry of an infant. At first the hospital authorities demurred to admitting the waif, but, Supt. James Bucklew was notified and instructed Dr. Jessop, a company surgeon at Kittanning to take the child in charge and give it every possible and necessary attention. A full bottle of milk had been placed in the basket and the child had taken a considerable quantity. Inspection at the hospital proved the milk had been heavily drugged with paregoric and it was probably this drug that caused death. The county authorities are making a thorough investigation and it is hoped the heartless woman will be brought to justice. The woman is described as being tall, a blond, with rather sharp features.—Derrick.

For Afternoon Teas.

Have you ever tried toast sandwiches with the cup of tea you serve your friends in the afternoon? Make small, dainty sandwiches, spread with butter and a layer of marmalade or thinly sliced cheese. Put them on pie tins and then under your gas broiler, and when lightly toasted on one side, turn and toast the other. The cheese will be just melted enough to be delicously appetizing.

HEADQUARTERS

McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R., General Order No. 1.

Smethport, Pa., May 8th, 1911.

General Order No. 1:

Comrades you will assemble at the Post Room, Tuesday, May 30th, at 1:30 p. m., prepared to take part in Memorial Day exercises as published by our executive committee.

You will also meet at the Post Room, Sunday, May 28th, at 2 o'clock p. m., to attend Memorial services at St. Luke's Episcopal church at 2:30 p. m.

By Command,
E. R. MAYO,
Commander.

H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

Attention Farmers!

G. W. King of East Smethport has just received a carload of all grades of salt. Apr.6-tf

25 ACRE FARM, STOCK AND TOOLS AT SNAP PRICE

For quick sale we offer a farm of 25 acres, located 1½ miles from Eldred, Pa., with stock and tools. Land lays rolling, all seeded and stumped, rich soil, watered by springs, no waste land, new house of 7 rooms, second floor not finished off, two barns, orchard of apples, pears, plums and cherries. This farm is one mile from school, and creamery, 1½ miles from railroad station. Included with the farm is a team worth $500, 2 cows, 17 hens, 2 hogs, hay press, binder, plow, rake, wagon, harness and other tools. All taxes $12 a year. Possession at once. Everything for $1,600. Additional land can be bought at reasonable price. Owner lives away and desires quick sale.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Notice of Hearing Before Auditor.

In the matter of the Estate of C. D. Seaman, late of Corydon Township, McKean County, Pa., deceased.

In the Orphans' Court of McKean County.

No. 19, February Term, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that I, Sheridan Gorton, appointed by the above Court, as an Auditor to make final distribution of the balance for distribution, as shown by the final account of Walter Newton, executor of C. D. Seaman, deceased, to and among the parties entitled thereto; which account is on file in said Court, will attend to the duties of my said appointment, at my office in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, May 23rd, 1911, commencing at ten o'clock A. M., when and where all persons interested may appear and be heard, or be forever barred from participating in said distribution.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Apr.27-3t Auditor.
Smethport, Pa., April 26th, 1911.

Notice of Hearing Before Auditor.

In the matter of the estate of Mary E. Richmond, deceased.

In the Orphans' Court of McKean County.

No. 22, February Tr., 1911.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, having been appointed AUDITOR by the above named court to make distribution among the parties entitled thereto of the balance of the fund and property in the hands of D. C. Young, Executor of the last will and testament of Mary E. Richmond, deceased, as shown by the final account of said executor on file in said court, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, on May 18th, 1911, at 10:00 o'clock A. M., when and where all persons interested may appear and be heard or be forever barred from participating in said distribution.

THOS. H. MORRISON,
Apr.27-3t Auditor.

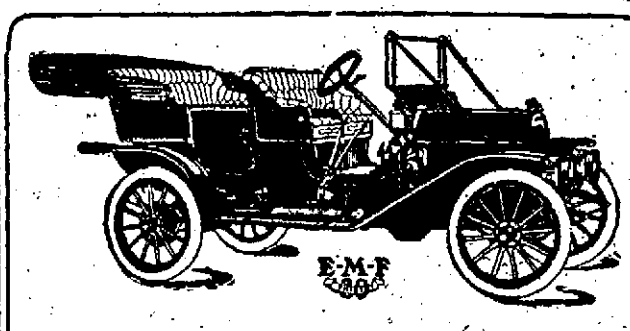
IT WAS FAR BEYOND OUR EXPECTATIONS—— OUR SALVAGE SALE.

If we were to tell you the number of people we waited upon, or the amount of goods we disposed of last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, you might say we were boasting. But we had fifty sales people to wait on the trade and then had to close our doors for long the people outside so we could straighten up our stock. This speaks for itself. Every customer was so well pleased with their purchases that they told some one else. So instead of our business falling off after the first day, it kept increasing from day to day until it was impossible to take care of every one who desired to take advantage of our wonderful bargains. We are now better equipped to handle our customers, and we will be able to wait on you in the proper manner. We have put on sale a great many suits, overcoats and raincoats that are damaged. Some with the linings burned, others that were wet, etc. These goods can be easily repaired so they will be just as good as new, and they will be sold at such low prices that we feel we are almost giving them away. People that work will find these goods just what they want for working clothes. Our store will be open evenings, to accommodate those that can't come during the day. I remain, very respectfully,

IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House
32-34 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

H. W. RUBIN

John B. Stetson
Soft and Stiff Hats
$3.50 to $5.00
at
H. W. RUBIN'S



WE ARE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE E-M-F 30.
FLANDERS 20, SELDEN and PEERLESS.

The production of such a wonderful car as the E-M-F 30, at such a small price is nothing short of a mechanical miracle, made of the very best material, mechanically correct, 108 inch wheel base, selective sliding, change speed and full 30 H. P. engine. All models with standard equipment $1,000.00, silk finished mohair top and folding windshield $80.00 extra.

The FLANDERS 20 is a little baby of a car and will go anywhere any big car can go. Price $700.00. A full year's unconditional guarantee given with both of the above cars.

If you want a large medium price car of well known quality and service buy the Famous SELDON. Prices $2250.00 to $2600.00 with standard equipment.

If you want the VERY BEST CAR ever made, anywhere, by anybody in the whole world, then buy the BEAUTIFUL BIG SIX CYLINDER PEERLESS. Price $5,000.00, complete equipment.

Our garage is managed by a journeyman machinist, who learned his trade in a big automobile factory and he is one of the very best men in his line. We make a specialty of overhauling big, high-priced cars and absolutely guarantee our work to give entire satisfaction.

In our Rubber Works Dept. we do all kinds of Tire Repairing, manufacture inner tubes, tire reliners, patches, &c., and our prices are right. We also carry a good line of accessories. Prest-O-Lite tanks, etc.

For full information, catalogues, etc., call or address

BACKUS NOVELTY COMPANY,
Smethport, Penn'a.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE MINER

AUTOMOBILE TIRE REPAIRING

in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)

Smethport Inner Tubes

are guaranteed to give satisfaction. SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

——Write us for Prices——

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

YOUR SPRING ATTIRE

is ready for you——Suits, Millinery and Coats.

Our display comprises the newest without the extreme. Every garment has been chosen with the idea of giving you the best; style, quality, material and workmanship.

We ask you to inspect our millinery department for your Spring headwear. Styles that are up to the minute and sure to please you.

Waists

The faultless "Waldorf" line of waists and dresses are here for your approval.

Shoes that please

The "Clarice" in styles and leathers to please all. Get them now and be prepared. Every pair well give you satisfaction.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

REFRIGERATORS

Stone

Porcelain

Glass

Enamel

Zinc lined

In all sizes, for sale at

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 11, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Garden planted yet?

—Remember the baseball game tomorrow.

—The Sheriff's divorce notices appear in this issue.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Dyke on Sunday, May 7, 1911, a girl.

—Measles are prevalent in town among both children and adults.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Scanlon of Colegrove on Sunday, May 7, a boy.

—Kane field has been fixed up considerably and is said to be in excellent condition.

—Miss Mildred Holder has accepted a position in Daly & Garlick's hardware store.

—Mrs. Lewis Marks is entertaining a party of ladies at her home on King street, this afternoon.

—Mrs. J. S. Walker entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Green street yesterday afternoon.

—Brush up on "The Merchant of Venice" and come and see it "up to date" at the Lyceum, June the 6th.

—There will be election of officers at the Travellers' Club on Saturday. All members are requested to be present.

—Stella Robin, who has been suffering from a severe attack of grippe for the past six weeks, is able to be out again.

—Margaret Anglin, the well-known actress, and Howard Hall, a magazine man, were married in New York on Monday.

—Katherine Hamilton, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Hamilton, who has been seriously ill with preumonia, is improving.

—Mrs. Van Dyke entertained the members of St. Margaret's Guild last evening. A nice lunch was served and all had a pleasant time.

—A gang of postoffice robbers were interrupted at their work in Allegany, N. Y., last Monday night. They escaped without getting any plunder.

—Charles McKean brought home his new six-cylinder Pierce Arrow automobile. It is one of the finest cars made and one that any man may well feel proud of.

—The barn in the rear of the jail, which was partially destroyed by fire two weeks ago, is being torn down.

—Read the Herrick Agency advertisement in this issue.

—There was an exciting baseball game at Kane field last Saturday afternoon when the Smethport Window Glass Co. team walloped the Backus Novelty Co. team to the tune of 6 to 4.

—A partition is being put in the Hungiville building in the Central Block, which entirely separates the barber shop of Harry Haley and the pool room of Raymer and Cummings.

—H. H. Redfield and Col. M. M. Gillett are having a garage erected on the rear of the former's lot. A. H. Kidder has the contract and the building will be completed in a short time.

—Mrs. Stanley Brigdl entertained the teachers of the high school last evening at her home on East Main street in honor of Mrs. Curtiss mother of Miss Margaret Curtiss, one of efficient teachers in our high school.

—Mrs. F. H. Hungiville and Miss Sarah Greer gave a plate shower at the home of the former last evening in honor of Mrs. John Ruffalo. Many beautiful pieces of china were received by Mrs. Ruffalo.

—Erie, Pa., is to have a big meeting of the Spanish-American war veterans next month, June 19th and 20th, when the state convention will be held. The annual meeting of the 15th regiment will also be held at the same time.

—Orlo J. Hamlin's new six cylinder Peerless sixty horse power, seven passenger touring car was delivered by the Backus Novelty Company, agents, on Tuesday. It is one of the most beautiful automobiles ever seen in Smethport.

—The telephone has been improved so that now one can talk from New York to Denver provided one wishes to spend the toll fee of $11.25. And in a short time it is claimed that one will be able to talk between New York and San Francisco.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Smethport Fire Department was held last Thursday evening. Eight new members were admitted to membership, which nearly fills the list, which is limited to 30 active members. Much other business was attended to.

—Miss Margaret Milligan of Ormsby, Pa., and Mr. Thomas Nathan Arthur of Hazelhurst, were united in marriage at the parsonage of the Universalist church, No. 91 Pearl street, last evening at 7:30 o'clock, Rev. Wesley G. Price officiating.—Yesterday's Bradford Era.

—At the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday morning the theme will be "The Duty of the Stranger to the Church." In the evening the glass bottle blowers will attend the service in a body. The address by the pastor will be "The Work Up, and the Worker Up."

—County Superintendent B. S. Bayle held regular examinations for provisional certificates entitling the successful candidates to teach in McKean county. A number of teachers from various parts of the county attended these examinations which were held last Saturday.

—It is very surprising how handsome some people are considered. At the close of the meeting of the P. H. C. Tuesday evening, division No. 2, Mrs. J. C. Gallup, chairman, served a backward lunch. A prize was given to the best looking man and woman. "Old Zip Coon" was the lucky winner of the gentleman's prize.

—A very clever entertainment was given at the Lyceum last Monday evening under the auspices of the L. V. Harris bible class, at which time a Tom Thumb Wedding, a Maypole and Little Red Riding Hood was presented by a large number of children and young people. Between parts two and three, Miss Irma Wells pleased the audience with one of her choice readings.

—A Philadelphian on his way to Europe was experiencing seasickness for the first time. Calling his wife to his bedside, he said, in a weak voice: "Jenny, my will is in the Commercial Trust company's care. Everything is left to you, dear. My various stocks you will find in my safe deposit box. Then he said fervently, "And, Jenny, bury me on the other side. I can't stand this trip again, alive or dead."—Lippincott's.

—"The Great Lafayette," the wonderful magician who played at the Smethport Lyceum about four years ago, was burned to death at Edinborough, Scotland, Tuesday night, when fire started on the stage during a performance. All the actors made their escape, but Lafayette rushed back into the burning building to rescue a pet dog and horse. A heavy timber fell on him and pinioned him, where his charred remains were found.

—The dead body of Allen G. Rhodes of near Millage, was found in the ditch at the side of the highway, two miles from Cambridge Springs, Wednesday morning. From the appearance of the surroundings the man had driven too far to one side of the road and the wheel of the wagon, going over the bank, had caused him to be thrown from the seat. The fall stunned him and he was suffocated by the mud in the ditch. He was 48 years of age, a bachelor and engaged in farming.

—The long awaited hearing in the case of Dr. F. A. Beebe and Miss May Fleberlin, accused of having caused the death of Miss Lottie Dugan of Youngsville by means of a criminal operation, was held Friday afternoon at Corry, and resulted in the defendants being held in $1,500 bail for the May grand jury. The physicians who performed the autopsy, Drs. Bennett and Smith, reiterated their testimony at the inquest that septic poisoning had caused death. Dr. Evans, the Erie chemist, told about his thorough analysis.

—Information will be made to-morrow by Game Warden Alberts against A. C. Walker who lives about three miles from Russel, says the Warren Times, charging him with impersonating an officer and extortion. It is alleged that Walker for the past several years has made a practice of stopping trout fishermen and searching them. When fish under size were found he would demand various sums of money. It is said that on one occasion Walker got $60 from a party of Jamestown fishermen and from another man $30. Walker is a man with a large family, and if he is convicted of the crimes that will be charged against him he will doubtless have to serve time in the penitentiary or county jail.

—Hon. W. E. Wheeler, aged 68, a life-long resident of Portville, N. Y., died at his home in that place on Friday last, of heart disease. Mr. Wheeler was the vice president of the First National bank of Olean, and president of the Acme Milling Company, also of that city, and a director of the Commonwealth Trust Company of Buffalo. He had extensive lumber and oil interests in Pennsylvania and Western states. The Wheeler & Dusenbury Lumber Company—trade throughout the whole United States and had an extensive trade in England. Fair dealing and strict honesty has marked his success. He is survived by his wife and four children.

—The Bradford High School baseball team will be over here Friday afternoon and play a game with the local High School team. This will be the first game of the season here and all lovers of the sport should be out. The game will be played at Kane field and admission is 25 cents.

"YOU QUEENS!"

She was just an ordinary woman, without much leisure or time for culture. She did not know the difference between an Ionic and a Doric column in architecture, and she was not "up" on china painting or the Roman emperors. But she brought up three children to tell the truth, to love God, to love their brothers, and to do honest labor with their hands and not be ashamed of it. When she died the papers did not notice it, but the Recording Angel said, as he reached for a fresh pen and turned over to a clean page, "A queen is coming; get her throne ready."

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending May 6th, 1911:

Brown, F. R.
Bennett, Mamie.
Barnes, Mr. William (2)
Casan, Mrs. Ina
Campbell, Mr. W.
Doyo, Mr. Elmer
306 Green St.
Glumer, Henry
Nearing, Samuel.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Westbrook Academy

This School will begin its
THIRTIETH YEAR
September 5, 1911. Attendance limited to 100 students. New Catalog is ready.
Special inducements to early applicants.
E. D. Westbrook, Prin., OLEAN, N. Y.

COME ON IN

and examine our splendid line of WASH SUITS for Boys from 3 to 10 years old. A bewildering array of styles and colors at small prices.

75c to $2.00

make your selection now, while the stock is at its best.

BOYS and CHILDRENS
Straw Hats
to match any color Suit. 25c & 50c.

—AT—

MONHEIMER'S

Now's the Time for May Walks, So Buy Your New Suit Today

Let it be a Wooltex. Then you'll have no cause for regret.

Each one is so carefully made that you'll get far more wear from it than the two seasons for which it is guaranteed.

Here's an illustration that gives you a faint idea of the elegance of these suits.

Come to our coat and suit department and see this garment and other lovely Wooltex models.

Wooltex
THE H. BLACK COMPANY
DESIGNERS and MAKERS
CLEVELAND

This label on every Wooltex garment

Fry & Comes

The Store That Sells Wooltex

PHONE 7 **BROWNELL'S** PHONE 7

COAST Cities so appreciate sea foods because they are served under natures own conditions fresh from the water, sweet, firm, delicate and with that indescribable "Oceany" flavor clinging to every fleck.

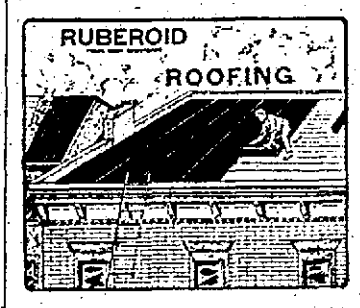
OUR BRANDS

religiously duplicate those shore conditions and send to the inland home the sweetest flesh of Codfish, Lobster, Shrimp, Salmon, and other fish exquisitely prepared.

F. W. BROWNELL

You [illegible] Values Here

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

—AT—

The Bisell Store

You will find dresses for Infants and children, from six months to fourteen years.

Call and see them.

The Highest Bidder

A Washington Birthday Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

The old house looked grim and cold in the chill light of the February day. The gray clouds lowered over its mossy roof, and the naked elms creaked dismally in the bitter wind. The small porch was on a line with the ancient fence and the land stretched away in the rear—guarded old fruit trees, acres of wornout pasturage and a line of dark cedars against the horizon.

Austin Ely and his bride descended from the station stage that had brought them to the steps of their future home. Their trunks were dumped in the small porch, the box of supplies that Austin had prepared ere they left the city stood at the door, and the stage rolled away with the driver peering curiously back at them over his fur clothed shoulder.

Austin looked up and down the lonely road with its scattering of equally dismal houses and shivered. He bent down and gathered his wife into his strong young arms. "Dorothy, dear, what sort of a place is this to bring you to?" he demanded wrathfully. "A poor beggar like me ought never to marry. Well, you know, dear, it isn't fair to you to start out in this old rookery!"

Dorothy placed her gloved hand over his lips. "I won't hear a word against your Uncle Rob's legacy. Just think of owning and occupying the oldest house in the state! Why, tradition says George Washington slept here once when it was the best known tavern on the post road. Do get out that huge brass key and let us go in. It is bitterly cold out here!"

Austin brought out the key and thrust it in the lock. "If you had only let me come on ahead and open up the old place, Dorothy—have it partly furnished and a warm fire for you"—

"Tut, tut!" admonished Dorothy, crowding into the narrow hall in his wake. "You know very well I'm perfectly crazy over old houses, and I would never forgive you if you denied me the pleasure of rummaging out the old stuff in this place. Oh, isn't that the dearest old room, and see, Austin, the enormous fireplace!" She waltzed gayly across the uneven floor, her teeth chattering with the cold.

Her husband forced up the small paned windows and threw back the heavy wooden shutters, letting in the cold light of day. It was a long low room, the walls hung with an ancient striped paper. The furniture was very old, and its possession would have made a collector wild with joy. A pair of long settles, a large mahogany buffet, a great round table to match with the accompanying chairs, were placed on the wide polished boards long covered thickly with dust. The large fireplace contained brass andirons, and on the chimneypiece were brass candlesticks—a long row of them—a dozen in all.

"Let's have a fire at once," suggested Dorothy eagerly. "We can make this room our headquarters till we are settled."

"It will be fine and dandy when spring comes," said Austin dubiously, "but I don't know what you're going to do in the meantime, Dorothy. Here it is the 22d of February, and April is a long way off. Won't you be lonely?"

Dorothy smiled away his wistful glance. "Lonely where you are?" she said. "And, besides, think of all the chickens we're going to raise and of all the money you're going to make next summer with your eggs and your broilers."

"If we only had $30," he sighed, "everything would come out all right."

"Come to the garret with me and see if we can't find another small table for the south window. I can sit there and sew while you're writing at the big secretary. I think you're going to drag in here from the hall."

Together they mounted the steep stairs to the low attic, redolent of cedar shingles, where innumerable wasps crawled stickily to and fro.

"There are chests and chests and chests! Let me peep inside this old hair covered one, Austin; I'm sure it belonged to some eighteenth century belle. No, I'm not a bit cold. How could I be with these great warm chimneys jutting out into the garret? Ah!"

Dorothy's ecstatic cry was echoed by Austin's prolonged whistle of amazement at the beautiful garments divulged by the lifting of the lid of the hair trunk.

"Two white wigs—one for you and one for me!" she cried delightedly, tossing one to him and placing the other, a towering erection of puffs and curls, over her own sleek hair.

Austin crammed on his wig just in time to see his wife's rosy face beaming at him from under the whiteness of the other. Simultaneously they bent in stately greeting.

"Good morrow, Mistress Washington," said Austin mischievously.

"Ah, Mr. Washington!" Dorothy dipped a splendid courtesy and suddenly turned to the chest. "Oh, let us put on these perfectly gorgeous garments, Austin. We might as well enjoy ourselves until the man brings the coal."

Dorothy slipped into a blue brocade, admired the towering mass of white curls above her forehead and waited while Austin arrayed himself in the same manner. "We are frightfully foolish, I know," she said, rather wearily, "but I simply must do something interesting or I shall be horribly homesick tonight."

"Then let us go down and eat our supper in these things," suggested Austin hastily. "Don't be homesick, Dorothy; please don't, or I shall be tempted to weep on your shoulder and throw up the chicken business altogether."

Dorothy paused before him, looking very lovely in her ancient garb, her sweet eyes serious and thoughtful. "Austin Ely, tell me truthfully, did you want to go into the chicken business or are you merely doing it to provide a home for me?"

Austin walked over and kissed her face. "I'll confess to a weakness for the city," he admitted sheepishly. "I wasn't cut out for a farmer, Dorothy, although I do love to be with you all day long here in the country. There is something about the life and bustle of the city that calls me. I wish we might keep this for a country home and live as we always have done, in town during the winter."

"Some day we will," encouraged Dorothy, with her sweet smile. "Let us go downstairs."

All at once the great knocker on the front door was lifted three times and a resounding racket echoed through the sparsely furnished house.

"Who can that be?" gasped Dorothy as she drew near her husband.

"Some neighbor," he assured her as he led the way down to the lower floor. While Dorothy lighted the bayberry candles and set the table for supper Austin went to the door and flung it open.

There at the curb throbbed and pulsated a monster touring car. In it were three shadowy forms, while a fourth stood on the doorstep.

"Ho—the inn!" called the man on the doorstep lustily. "Let us in, good people, and show us what you can do by way of entertainment."

"This is not an inn," said Austin brusquely. "You will find a very good one at the end of this street."

"Nay, 'tis not so," corrected the other. "Many's the time I have sate here in the bar of the Blue Bear and sipped my glass o' toddy. Come in, boys; landlord says all are welcome and that he will broil chickens for us. Make haste, my man."

Austin planted his foot firmly in the doorway. "It's a cold night and you are welcome to come in and have a bite to eat, but there won't be anything to drink unless I can find some applejack."

The four entered with noisy hilarity, and it was plain to be seen that they were all in a state of semi-intoxication. They were well dressed men, and their faces were not unpleasing, though more than one of them showed signs of dissipation.

With the impression that the sooner he served these unwelcome guests the earlier he would be rid of their doubtful companionship, Austin beckoned Dorothy into the kitchen and together they concocted a tray full of refreshments that were mostly got from the provision box. A large piece of cheese, a large loaf of Vienna bread, butter, cold boiled ham and a pitcher of applejack completed a repast that brought forth a cheer from the group gathered before the dining room fire.

Suddenly, they looked at Austin in his festal garments of drab velvet and cherry satin, with gray silk hose and buckled shoes, and at Dorothy peeping around the door gorgeous in blue brocade. With one accord they arose and touched their glasses.

"It's George Washington and Mistress Martha," gasped the spokesman. "Your healths and long—long—er, you know!"

With bulging eyes the four drank the toast, while Austin and Dorothy laughed until they cried. At last they returned to the dining room, where a curious sight met their gaze.

Standing in the middle of the round mahogany table, the spokesman of the party was calling for bids for its purchase. "As pretty a—bit—of colonial furniture—as ever your eyes lighted on, gentlemen. Who will start the bidding on this table, the property of the immortal George—you, Freddy? What am I offered for this table?"

"One dollar," said Freddy feebly.

"Pooh! Who will give me more to cover this insult? C'e'll, you blasted bondholder, beat it up!"

Cecil solemnly entered his bid of a hundred dollars, and as if they had been waiting for this amount, the four proceeded to raise the value of the mahogany table by hundreds until it was knocked down to the lamented Freddy for $1,000. From a plethoric roll he peeled off the amount and tossed it to the table, and then, forgetting the incident, he led a solemn procession from the house and into the waiting automobile.

Dorothy and her husband stared at each other across the mahogany table. "Oh, Austin—what does it mean? Were they drunk?" she asked.

"As lords," said Austin feelingly. "Tomorrow morning they will awake without the slightest recollection of what they have done tonight. I've got my work cut out for me to try to trace up that Freddy chap and give him back his money or the table. If I can't find him, why—I reckon we needn't start that chicken business till April, eh, Dorothy?"

"Don't call me Dorothy," said that young woman airily as she spread wide her brocaded skirts. "For the rest of this curious night I am Mistress Martha Washington, and you are George himself—but, oh, Austin, I do hope you won't find that highest bidder."

"I'm not likely to," said Austin, trying to look unhappy, and it is on record that they didn't start the chicken business until April was well on her way.

A Goat and a Valentine

Instead of a Nuisance, Billy Becomes a Prime Favorite

By MARION C. ENRIGHT

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Drusilla Fowler detested the Franklins' pet goat, for it had all but devastated her small domain during the summer. Flower beds had been trampled, shrubs uprooted, and, as for the little kitchen garden near the orchard, the succulent heads of lettuce and later the hard cabbage balls had fallen victims to the insatiable appetite of Billy the goat.

Of course the Franklins were very sorry about it and tried to confine Billy within a hastily constructed fence, but that sagacious and resourceful animal had viewed the structure of wood and wire with a contemptuous eye before he utterly demolished it and resumed his invasion of Drusilla's garden. Drusilla hated him, and the Franklins loved him.

This crisp February morning Drusilla came to the glass door that led from her sitting room into the south porch, and, standing there bathed in the sunlight, she planned her garden for the coming year.

Now, Drusilla in her mind's eye could see the beds blooming once more with roses and pinks and sweet williams, phlox and marigolds and mignonette, while the hated Billy peered through the palings.

Little Bessie Franklin ran through her own yard waving an envelope frantically. "Oh, mother," Drusilla heard her shout, "Gregory has sent me a valentine!"

So this was St. Valentine's day! Drusilla's red lips pressed into a thin red line as she remembered that there was one other thing in the world she detested as heartily as she did the goat Billy, and that was St. Valentine's day. The hot color rose to her cheeks as she recalled events which had happened ten years before and which had thereafter made that anniversary a detestable day.

She had not been engaged to Gregory Ware, but on the 13th of February Gregory had said to her that there was something to be settled between them. "You'll know tomorrow, Drusilla, and you'll believe what you get, won't you?" he had whispered in an agony of embarrassment, for Gregory was the shiest man in the world.

And Drusilla had guessed that he was to confess his love in a valentine, and she was radiant with happiness, for she would joyfully believe anything he might say to her in the tender missive. So she had told him shyly that she would see what it said and so put him off while her heart was beating wildly.

Then the next day had come, and there was no valentine, and the next and the next, and it had never come. Drusilla had grown very stiff and hurt, and Gregory had never come to ask an explanation, and after awhile he went away to another village and found work there, and Little River saw him only occasionally and Drusilla not at all.

So Drusilla always avoided going to the postoffice on Valentine's day that she might evade even the appearance of being interested in the anniversary of the good saint. But today—and she frowned as she recollected it—there was a matter of sending a money order to the city that must be attended to, for an impecunious cousin had written and asked for a loan to tide over a financial difficulty. Drusilla Fowler was not a shirker where duty presented itself, and so she swallowed her repugnance and buttoned herself into a thick warm cloak and pinned on her most becoming hat, for Drusilla had pride in her appearance.

Her adventures began from the very moment she passed out of her own yard into the street. The Franklins' goat was haughtily browsing on the privet hedge that surrounded his master's yard, and as he turned his little evil eye on Drusilla she involuntarily uttered a vicious little "Scat!"

Billy wheeled about on the pivot of his hind legs, reared himself menacingly, dropped his head and made one dive after Drusilla Fowler. But she had gone. With the speed of an antelope she had picked up the skirts of her long cloak and darted down the street, the angry goat leaping after her with increasingly swift gait.

Men dashed to head him off and dodged his threatening horns; women screamed and took to the opposite side of the street; children scattered like chaff until there only remained on the long street the flying red cloaked form of Drusilla Fowler and the plunging gray coated Billy after her.

The first building into which she might safely turn was the postoffice. It stood at the corner of the main street and the road that ran to the river. The doors were usually wide open even in this wintry weather, and there would be friendly hands to help her in and to close the portals against the invasion of Billy. Once she glanced behind and saw his waving gray whiskers and the glitter of his evil eye and renewed her speed.

At last the postoffice. Drusilla dashed across the street up the wide stone steps and reached the top as the frenzied goat clattered his hoofs on the bottom one. Drusilla was conscious that big familiar hands, warm and friendly, grasped her own and drew her to a place of safety behind a tall broad shouldered figure. Gregory Ware—

The goat bounded up the steps and slipped through the closing doors, his hoofs skating along the oiled floor; then he saw his reflection in the glass front of the tier of letter boxes and paused, staring, belligerent, bleating angrily.

Some one laid a tentative hand on his back and was rewarded with a vicious lunge. Billy renewed his gaze in the glass. He pawed the floor angrily; he bleated once more, and then before the horrified onlookers could prevent him he bent his head and crashed violently into the glass front, shattering it in a thousand flying fragments and toppling the whole structure on to the startled postmistress and her assistant.

Fortunately nobody was hurt, not even Billy the goat. The glass front of letter box No. 13 was impaled on one horn, and on the other was a fancy embossed envelope that inclosed a valentine. Somewhat subdued, he was captured by several citizens of Little River and tethered to the doorknob. Then one and all went forward to assist in restoring order in the chaos of mail matter.

Drusilla, pale and frightened, still hovered in the corner into which Gregory Ware had thrust her and which he had left without a word to help clear up the wreckage. Fanny Bicknell, the sharp faced, sandy haired little postmistress, pointed a skinny finger at Drusilla, while her little dark eyes flashed resentfully.

"I declare, Drusilly Fowler, ain't you got any better sense than to tag that goat of the Franklins into the postoffice? I expect the gov'ment will get after you. You've broke all the rules of the office. It says no dogs allowed inside, and that means goats and such. I thought you didn't take no stock in the Franklins' goat."

"I don't," retorted Drusilla, with spirit. "He chased me all the way down here. He's the bane of my life. You can look to Mr. Franklin for damages."

"I shall," said Miss Bicknell acidly, and then, addressing the men who were picking up glass preparatory to raising the fallen section of lock, she added: "What you doing over there? Remember that's gov'ment mail matter you're handling."

"Taking some of those letters out of the dirt under your boots, Miss Fanny," said Gregory Ware grimly. "I should recommend that you have something done about your boxes. The whole thing is cracked and warped, and the mail box is full of cracks. Look under here where it stood!" He pointed to a square dust outlined space on the floor where several yellowed and dirty missives were imbedded with bits of dirt and splintered glass. "You're the postmistress, Miss Fanny. You'd better see what those letters are doing underneath the mailing box." He stood back while the fussy little woman came forward and picked the letters out of the accumulated soil. She scanned them closely—there were three in all—and then she looked hesitatingly around the office.

"Those must have slipped through the crack in the mailing box," she said after awhile. "Here's a bill from Pryor & Kermit for Anson Bowen. Come to think of it, Anson's dead this five years, and Pryor & Kermit went bankrupt anyway, so there's no harm done there! And here's a postal card for Mrs. Beebe, saying that Burns & Co. ain't got the sample of lilac cloth she asked for, and, land, it's dated two years back, so that don't make no matter either, because Mrs. Beebe's wearing black now anyway. And—here's a letter for—merey me, are you there, Drusilly Fowler? Here, Gregory, give that letter to Drusilly while I toss these men." She thrust a yellowed embossed envelope into Gregory's hand and turned away.

He came toward Drusilla, his eyes fixed on the missive in his hand, his face white beneath its coat of tan. When he spoke his voice was thick with emotion.

"Drusilla, here's a letter Miss Fanny just found under the mailing box. Like as not it's been there all this last ten years, ever since I mailed it, one night before Valentine's day. I never understood—why—you—never answered it," he said with slow emphasis as she took the letter from him. "Now I know, but I suppose it's too late."

She opened the missive with shaking fingers and drew from within a big and flowered valentine. Wreaths of roses and forgetmenots surround two loving hearts, and underneath was a printed verse that was heavily underscored in ink:

> While I protest my heart is thine
> I would inquire if thine be mine,
> If this be true pray give a sign
> To say you'll be my valentine.

And the name of Gregory Ware was signed to it, and the date was ten years ago! Drusilla stared at it until all the coldness had fled from her eyes and a great tenderness invaded her face. Ashamed to lift her betraying glance to his serious inquiring one, she pressed the valentine with unconscious grace to her heart.

"Oh, this ought to have come before—it ought to have come before!" she cried passionately.

"Is it too late now, Drusilla?" asked Gregory softly. "It's never too late to be happy—if you want to be," he suggested.

"I want to be!" sighed Drusilla contentedly, and then later she added: "Who would have thought that goat of Franklin's would prove a blessing in disguise?"

Little River folk watched again, and nobody but those two understood why Gregory Ware and Drusilla Fowler led the Franklins' pet goat home with such solicitude or why Gregory bought it afterward and changed its name to Valentine.

"It can browse in the south meadow. He'll make a nice playmate—for somebody—some day," he added vaguely.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

With a Humorist's Views on the Eternal Fitness of Things.

Speaking of telephone numbers, a good number for a cigar dealer would be 2-4-5, and a cheap suburban sport might as well be 4 Flushing as anything else. An Irishman wishing to dine would naturally call up a place 2-8, but a Hinglishman 'aving to call upon a blarsted, bloomin' creditor regarding a bill would be 3-2.

A lover ordering a chair would want 1-4-2, and a newly wed couple wishing a flat would want 1-4-2-2, but the German maiden refusing to marry would shout 0-0-0-0. (Oh, how clever!)

If you want to borrow you wish 4-2-0, and probably that is a money lender's number, but if you only want a small loan from a friend you will wish 2-0-5. (That's pretty cute. What?)

The bookmaker should have two phones—0-2-1 for long shots and 4-2-5 for favorites. The man with a dog might call 6-6-6-6—(get that?)—and the farmer should put 8-0 on his list. (Put-eight-o, hey, what? I rather guess that's a rotten pointo!)

If two horses were in the running and 1-1-5-0 John he would be a happy lad and his suite would be 2-2 Broad. (This is one I 8-2. Spring on you.) And if John spent the cash for liquor I won't cry 5-5-5-1 John! But that is just how careless John is. His drinking is hades for his wife, but it's 7-1 John. (What, ho!)

(Honestly, I could keep this up all night. If two of you wished to be wed you would not have 2-8-1 Spring, because you could call 4-1 Rector to make you one immediately, and then, if tired of being mated in one, you could go to a fat judge and let that 1-2 Broadway-W again. If you can't see that, ask for information.)—Ellis Parker Butler in Judge.

MODERN CHEMISTRY.

Prediction of a Scientist and Its Remarkable Verification.

When a mathematical astronomer in Paris saves a Berlin observatory a search warrant for a new planet and, turning his telescope as directed, the Berlin observer found the previously unknown planet at the world wonderful display remarkable large upon a prediction and its verification in the history of modern chemistry. Grading the known elements of matter according to the weight of their respective atoms, it was observed that the elements, some seventy or more in number, formed a scale marked by perfectly like the scale in music. This periodic law in the hand of genius became an instrument of research. It was in 1871 that Mendeleef, the Russian chemist, in forming the scale of elements, found it necessary to leave three spaces vacant for undiscovered elements to make his table true.

Neither did he hesitate to predict the properties which these elements should possess when discovered. It was as if an astrologer should inform you that you would meet some time in your life three men and that with the utmost particularity he told you their respective physical weights, the color of their hair, shoe and glove worn by each and, in a word, all the habits of mind and body sufficient to discriminate them positively from all other men. Not only was the prediction literally fulfilled, but Mendeleef had the unexpected pleasure to see the verification in his day, for one of the eight of the unknown one after another came the predicted elements into the clear sunlight of science and were instantly recognized.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Trick of the Sun.

Upon a mountain in Andalusia quaint spectral forms are frequently seen. Whenever there is a heavy mist and persons are ascending the mountain they appear in all their ghostly splendor and sometimes so suddenly as to strike dismay into the hearts of those who see them for the first time. Of course it is all a trick played by the sun. When a mist partially shrouds the mountain the sun is naturally obscured, and then he revenges himself by projecting the shadow of any person who is ascending the mountain until it assumes the form of a gigantic specter.

An Insect Gunner.

Many insects have some means of defense from their natural enemies, none of which is more curious than that of a small beetle, which, when closely pursued, discharges a puff of poisonous vapor with a distinct detonation. Undoubtedly in many instances this aids the diminutive gunner in his escape, mainly, in all probability, by startling his pursuer and causing him to abandon the chase. From this peculiar acquirement, this little fellow is known as the bombardier beetle.

She Doesn't Ask.

"Does your wife ask you for things she knows you cannot afford?"

"She hasn't asked me for a thing since we were married."

"Great! How do you manage it?"

"When she wants a thing she does not ask me; she tells me."—Houston Post.

He Found It.

"I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me, and I went to find it."

"Did you find it?"

"Oh, yes; I'm in a hole."

Legislation.

Mrs. Knicker—Did you hold a short session with your husband? Mrs. Bocker—Yes. I merely had him pass an appropriation bill.—New York Times.

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Under a Cloud

A Girl Has an Opportunity to Know Her Friends

By BARBARA THORPE

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Clara Bates, with whom I had stood as bridesmaid, wrote me that she was to have a house party at their country place during Lent and wished me to come to her at that time. I accepted and a couple of weeks before Easter went to the Eyrie, as they called the place—it was on high ground—where I found a very pleasant party assembled.

Nevertheless all the guests had not yet arrived. The second day after I reached the Eyrie our hosts gave an automobile excursion. Feeling indisposed, I remained at home. Late in the afternoon, thinking a little fresh air would do me good, I concluded to take a walk. As I was going downstairs the front door opened and a woman carrying a hand bag entered. I met her in the hall, and she said to me:

"I have just arrived from the city. It seems that the hostess is away. Have you any idea where I shall find my room?"

"I have not," I replied. "I supposed every room was occupied. I heard Mrs. Bates say so yesterday."

The woman looked troubled.

"You are quite welcome," I added, "to make yourself at home in my room. I am going for a walk, and by the time I return our hostess may be here to receive you."

I showed her to my room and went off on my ramble. I was somewhat preoccupied for the reason that Ralph Priestley had been paying me a great deal of attention and, having met Sadie Stamper, a prettier girl than I, among the guests, was withdrawing his attention from me and bestowing it on her. Indeed, this was partly the reason why I didn't go on the automobile trip. He had arranged to go in the same conveyance as my rival, and I preferred staying at home to seeing him devoted to her. I returned just as the autos pulled up at the door, and I saw Ralph hand Sadie out of the machine and saw, or thought I saw, a mutual lovelight in their eyes. But perhaps it was jealousy.

At any rate, my mind was too full of my affair to think anything about the guest who had arrived and whom I had left in my room. Indeed, I forgot all about her. At dinner I noticed an expression of dismay on the part of several of the girls of the party,

I MET HIM, EXTENDING MY HAND.

and it was evident from a restraint that had come over the party that something had happened.

The next morning, on exchanging words with several of the girls, I noticed that they scarcely answered me, while some of them failed to give me any reply whatever. But what was my indignation when Sadie Stamper passed me with a look of contempt and without even a nod. I was in a very perplexed and troubled state of mind when Clara took me upstairs to her room, shut the door and said to me:

"My dear, you have been made the victim of a conspiracy. On our return from the auto ride yesterday several of the guests found that certain valuables they had left in their rooms were missing. John was horrified. He telephoned for a detective, who came right up and investigated the matter. The only servant in the house while we were away was old Martha, who has been in our family forty years and was my nurse when a baby. While you were all in the drawing room after dinner the detective searched the house. Several bits of jewelry—none of any great value—were found hidden away in the back part of one of your bureau drawers.

"Now, keep cool," she said quickly, seeing the expression of despair on my face. "No one can make me believe anything wrong about you. Some one placed the things there to escape suspicion by incriminating you."

I threw my arms about her neck and burst into a passionate weeping.

I remained in my room or Clara's most of the day. I was altogether too wrought upon by my misfortune to take any thought for my defense. In the afternoon I had regained enough of my equanimity to talk with Clara about the matter and asked her which one of the party believed me guilty, the only one she mentioned as being especially sure I was the thief was Sadie Stamper.

"And the new guest," I said—"how does she feel about it?"

"What new guest?"

"The one who arrived yesterday afternoon."

"No guest arrived yesterday afternoon."

"She came while you were all away. I received her for you, and since I did not know what room to put her in I left her in mine. Come to think of it, I've not seen her since."

It was all out that the thief was this woman who had passed herself off on me as her guest. Clara was so delighted at what she considered my vindication that she was about to run downstairs to make it public when I stopped her. I had suddenly regained my head.

"Not so fast," I said. "Who will believe my story of this woman whom no one but I have seen?"

"I do."

"Of course you do, but there are others who will not. Promise me that for the present you will keep the matter secret."

Other purposes than vindication crowded upon me. I wished to see how Ralph Priestley would treat me while under a cloud. Shortly before dinner I went down into the parlor. Now that the matter was explained to my own and my host's satisfaction I felt easier in presence of the others. There were several in the room when I entered, including Ralph and Sadie, who were sitting together on a tete-a-tete in the center of the room. I walked past both of them without looking at either, and I did not hear myself like a thief by any means.

I walked to a window, where I stood looking out for a few minutes, then passed into the library. Seating myself at the long table in the center of the room, I took up a periodical. I had been there but a few minutes when Ralph Priestley entered. I could see by the expression on his face, his knit brows, that he was very much disturbed.

"I have been seeking an opportunity"— he began, when I stopped him, looking at him as severely as I could and pointing to the door.

"Please listen to me," he began again.

"I will not listen to any man who, while I suffer under a false accusation, not only fails to give me his support, but turns against me."

"I have not turned against you. I"—

"You have devoted yourself to one who has assumed that I am guilty and has treated me accordingly."

I arose and swept out of the room. Smarting as I was under his having transferred his attentions to my rival—a rival who had taken no pains to conceal her opinion that I had stolen the missing jewels—I confess I reveled in my treatment of Ralph Priestley. Finding that he was endeavoring to see me alone, I persistently kept out of his way except when there were others about.

As soon as the detective was informed of my story as to the woman who had passed herself off as a guest he began operations on a different line. He took down as minute a description of her as I was able to give him; also a description of every article that was missing. I asked him why she had hidden the articles in my bureau drawer, and he said that by incriminating some one in the house she hoped to divert suspicion from herself long enough to dispose of her plunder.

For several days while he was at work on the case I remained with the party, affable to those who were affable to me, paying no attention to those who were cool to me. There was a side play going on that I enjoyed watching. Sadie Stamper was endeavoring to hold on to Ralph Priestley, and Ralph was trying to get rid of her. The poor fellow was between two fires. He knew that I would not listen to him so long as he continued his attentions to Sadie, and to break away from her was not an easy matter, especially as his only excuse was that she believed me a thief, which was no more than others of the party believed.

Then one morning the detective reported that he had found some of the missing property in a pawnshop and within a couple of days after the discovery had arrested a woman with more of it in her possession. She tallied with my description of her and turned out to be living in the neighborhood of the Eyrie. This was the reason she knew of the house party and the automobile excursion and was able to concoct her plan of robbing the house.

That evening at dinner our host let out the story, returning a number of the missing articles to their owners.

I was now in a very enviable position. I knew those who were friendly to me and had honored me with their confidence while I had been under a cloud, and I knew those who had not. They all crowded around me to show their good will and assure me that they had not for a moment believed me to be guilty. The only person who did not approach me was Ralph Priestley, whose every effort to do so I had succeeded in thwarting. Now that I was vindicated he not only kept away from me, but Clara came to me after dinner to tell me that he was going away on a late train. I watched for him to come downstairs, and when he came, prepared for the journey, I met him and extended my hand. His countenance changed from a very lugubrious expression to a very happy one. We went into a side room, and I kept him there till it was too late to make his train.

It was Sadie who made the first break in the circle, for I not only declined to notice her, but since Ralph understood that he must choose between us he chose me.

Saved His Nose

An Account of the Defense of an American Girl In Munich

By F. A. MITCHEL

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One evening in Munich a party of Americans were sitting at a table in the Hofbrauhaus ostensibly for testing the famous beer of that city, but really to view the different persons about them. The party consisted of a Mr. and Mrs. Hathorne, their son George, aged twenty-two; their daughter Grace, aged twenty, and Sir Clive Oglesby, a young British baronet whom they had met on their travels. At a near table several young German officers were drinking and chatting in a very loud tone. At a third table, alone, was a young man, and, since he had no one to talk to, his nationality did not appear. He looked, however, like either an Englishman or an American.

But it was not long before this young man was awakened from his quiescence by a remark made by one of the German officers sitting near. It was evident from a flush on his face that he understood the language in

"GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE MADE A MISTAKE!"

which the military men were conversing and what they said displeased him. This is what he heard:

"Those people over there are English."

"I would like to pigstick one of them."

"The girl is very pretty. I would like to kiss her."

"You might do so and not be called to account. These English don't fight."

"Nor the Americans."

A slight flush overspread the features of the young man at the third table when one of the officers said he would like to kiss Miss Hathorne.

Between the sexes, especially young people, there are sign expressions that stand in the place of words. Grace Hathorne's eye happened to light on the man sitting alone at the moment he flushed. It darted from him to the officers, and the two items gave her a clew. They were talking about her and had excited the indignation of the young civilian. Her father, her brother and the Britisher all sat, unmindful of what was going on, till Grace, feeling uncomfortable, said she was tired and wished to go to the hotel. The party arose, and as they did so one of the officers, who was half drunk, threw her a kiss with the words, "Goodby, beautiful daughter of Albion."

The situation was painfully embarrassing. Every man in the Hathorne party knew that resenting the insult would bring a challenge from the German. Sir Clive Oglesby grew very red in the face; George Hathorne started toward the Germans, but his mother caught the skirt of his coat and held him back. Mr. Hathorne drew his daughter's hand under his arm and marched her out of the Hofbrauhaus. The others of the party followed, showing great irritation.

When they had gone the young man at the third table drew a leather case from his pocket, took out a card, returned the case, arose and, passing over the few steps between him and the officers, laid it down before the one who had perpetrated the insult. It read, "Ward Claybourne, Kentucky, U. S. A."

"Gentlemen," he said, "you have made a mistake in these people whom you have insulted. Only one is English; the others are countrymen of mine. You are right in assuming that they do not fight. They are brought up in a different school. Fortunately for them, however, my education in your line has not been neglected. I will trouble you for a written apology, which I will be happy to transmit to the lady you have insulted."

The man who had received the card motioned to one of his comrades, who asked Mr. Claybourne's address and promised to bring a reply immediately. Having given it, the Kentuckian withdrew. His challenge, for that is what it amounted to, somewhat sobered the officers, especially the one who had received it. He was a good swordsman, but he knew nothing about the American. He had read in some book that Kentuckians were very expert with a weapon called the bowie knife, but was not aware that that period had long passed. He knew also that an apology was due from him. But, being an army man, he dared not refuse a challenge. His second called on Claybourne and said that if an apology was due it was due to the young lady and not to him. He would therefore accept the challenge.

It so happened that the Hathornes and Claybourne were stopping at the same hotel. Miss Hathorne, Sir Clive and one or two Americans were sitting in the lounging room talking over the disagreeable incident of the evening when Miss Hathorne saw one of the officers she had seen at the Hofbrauhaus come into the hotel. In a few minutes she saw him go out accompanied as far as the door by the young man of the third table. There was a puzzled look on her face for a few moments; then she paled. Could it be that this man who had flushed when the officers were looking at her had taken up the matter in her defense?

After the officer's departure she saw Claybourne go into the writing room. Excusing herself to those with her, she went in there. He was sitting at a desk writing, the only person in the room. She stood looking at him through a very large and very beautiful pair of eyes. He rose and stood deferentially.

"Are you English?" she asked.

"American."

"Would you mind assuring me that the visit just paid you has nothing to do with me?"

Claybourne was stumped. He made no reply.

"Is there to be—a duel?" she went on.

"This is very unfortunate," was the only reply.

"I forbid you to fight on my account."

"It would be impossible for me to obey your order."

"I will go to these men and forbid them as well."

She looked so resolute that Claybourne was troubled. He feared to be placed in a false position.

"I see only one possible way out of it," he said. "I am writing a telegram to a friend in Berlin to come and be my second. I will tell him to say something to the man I have challenged that may influence him. He doesn't know that I am a student at Heidelberg, a member of a corps there and that I have vanquished every man who has been brought against me."

"Don't send your telegram. This news can be conveyed without your Berlin friend. My brother"—

"Would not do at all."

"My father"—

"Worse."

"Give me the address of this officer."

"Impossible!"

"Give it to me," she repeated imperiously. "I am the cause of this quarrel. What right have you to take up my case and ignore me?"

"None," replied Claybourne, hanging his head, and gave her the address.

Without paying any more attention to him she left the room.

Claybourne gave vent to an expression very common among English speaking people. He crammed his fists down into his trousers pockets and strode to and fro.

"What a fool I have been," he said to himself, "to receive that fellow here! The whole thing is spoiled. I shall not only be deprived of the pleasure of punishing him—I should like to cut off his nose—but they will think I gave it away to the girl to induce her to break it up. What the dickens am I to do? Nothing till I hear from her. This is a pretty mess!"

He remained right where he was for an hour, walking the floor like a caged tiger. Then he heard wheels draw up in front of the house, the bang of a carriage door, and in a few moments in came Miss Hathorne, flushed with the effort she had made.

"For heaven's sake!" he said. "What have you done?"

She handed him a paper addressed to him. It was a written apology for the insult that had been offered her.

"How did you get it?"

"Asked for it. They at first declined to address it to you, but I declined to accept it unless they did."

"You have made a mess of it," said Claybourne, in an irritated tone, for the moment losing his self control.

"It would have been a worse mess for your opponent if I had not interfered. Do you know what his second said to him after it was all over? I didn't tell him who you were till then. Well, he said: 'Ach! Donnerhoff, you're lucky! If you had met that fellow you would have gone about for the rest of your life without a nose. They say he always finishes his opponents by cutting off their noses.'"

"That's exactly what I intended to do," cried Claybourne passionately, "and you have spoiled it all."

The girl burst into a laugh.

Gradually the comical view of the situation dawned upon Claybourne, and his face took on an unwilling smile. Miss Hathorne thought it the loveliest smile she had ever seen on a man's face.

"You didn't go to them alone, did you?" he asked.

"Yes, I did. It's no time to be prudish when a man's—nose is at stake."

She laughed again. So did Claybourne.

"I would like very much to make your acquaintance," said the Kentuckian.

There was another laugh on the part of both of them.

"Well," she said, "since you've taken my interference so considerately I think I'll permit you to call."

He called the next morning, and his call lasted during their stay in Munich, during their journey with frequent stops to London and during a voyage to America. In short, the call has never ended. Mr. and Mrs. Claybourne live in the blue grass region of Kentucky, but the husband never flourishes a bowie knife, and has no desire to cut off people's noses.

CLOTH FOR UNCLE SAM.

It Must Be Pretty Good Stuff to Pass the Government Tests.

The men of the United States army come nearer knowing to a certainty what they are buying in the way of cloth than do any other consumers in the country, says Mary Heaton Vorse in Success Magazine. When the government gives out a million dollar cloth contract it seems to it that it gets material according to specification. The specific contracts for various sorts of cloth are elaborate and go into the technical side of the matter—the number of threads to be used to the yard, the kind of wool to be used in the manufacture—for the United States soldier has to be well dressed in clothes that will stand the strain of weather and of work. On Governors Island, New York city, there is a testing laboratory for cloth. A specification of the weight per linear yard of each kind of cloth is mentioned. Each bolt of goods is weighed, and if it falls short of the proper weight it is thrown out. Next the question of wear and tear is considered, and again the specification is stated that each special kind of cloth will stand a strain of so many pounds to the inch work way and so many pounds to the inch filling way. So, after weighing, the next test is to cut a sample and try in a machine the strength of the cloth. If it won't stand this test the cloth is thrown out.

After the cloth has been pronounced perfect for weight and strength the dye tests are made. It must stand two acid tests for perspiration, and the material must stand boiling for ten minutes in a certain soap solution, showing that it will stand washing with strong alkalis, and finally comes the weather test, the material being exposed thirty days on the roof without changing color appreciably. If the cloth has passed its examinations successfully each yard of each piece of cloth is inspected, being run over machines for the purpose, while inspectors watch for any imperfections in the weave. An eighth of a yard for each imperfection is charged to the manufacturer.

So when the cloth is finally sent to the contractor to be made into uniforms it is known to be of really good material. Each spool of thread, each button, each lining, each filling used in the clothes of soldiers has its own special test.

Figs For Melancholia.

Dr. William Bulleyn, of the same family as the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, was a contemporary of Sydney, Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, Grenville, Spenser and the rest of that famous galaxy that illuminated the Elizabethan era. The leading physician of his day, he took great interest in vegetable remedies, and his "Book of Simples" was an honored authority for generations. He recommends the free use of sage tea and of figs, saying: "Figges be good against melancholy and the falling evil (epilepsy) to be eaten. Figges, nuts and herbe grasse do make a sufficient medicine against poison or the pestilence. Figges make a good garganism to cleanse the throat."—Charles Winslow Hall in National Magazine.

Not Loaded.

No other language under the sun is open to so many interpretations as the English language, as witness the conversation between two Sharon Hill girls the other evening:

"Oh, May," said the first one, "Jim and Bill tried to fight a duel over me."

"How romantic! What happened?"

"It was terrible. I came into the room, and those foolish boys were pointing big pistols at each other!"

"Pistols? Heavens! Were they loaded?"

"Not a bit. That is just what made it really very serious. They both were sober."—Philadelphia Times.

The Importance of the Beard.

The importance of the beard was fully recognized in the middle ages. Here is a passage (quoted by J. A. F. Orbaan in "Sixtine Rome") from a letter of the writer, Bartolomeo Catena: "It is well that those who have to lead and govern should have a long and fine beard. And I can assure you that the government of cities and provinces has been given to more than one prelate because he had a long and fine beard; otherwise he were not worthy that honor."

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WOMAN AND WOE.

Old Age in India Invariably Blends the Two Into One.

"I have seen women under a burning midday sun reaping in the fields," says a writer on India; "I have seen them at roadmaking in the streets of cities; I have seen them loading engines with coal at railway stations; I have seen them in long procession on the white roads of the plains carrying great burdens on their heads like a string of camels. And I have seen also in the eyes of every old woman whom I have encountered, every one of them, such misery, adversity and angry bitterness as seemed to curse the very air of heaven. I have not seen one happy old woman in the whole country.

"Women follow through the village like a dog at the husband's heel. Maternity is no excuse for the task in the field and the duties of the house. They are servants without wages and without liberty to select another master. Before them is perpetual servitude, and if they are so abandoned by the gods as to reach old age their certain destiny is misery, dejection, friendliness and black despair. I never knew all the meaning of the word woe until I looked into the face of an old woman under an Asian sky.

"The women folk of the upper classes in India, speaking generally, are more the prisoners of their husbands than the women of the helot castes. They do not labor except in cooking and serving the meals of their husbands, but they are cut off from the world as completely as a nun; they do not even know, in many cases, the male relations of their husbands. They are little more than caged animals taught to do a few household tricks."—Chicago News.

COOKING A HEDGEHOG.

Bake It in Clay Into a Solid Mass and Carve It With an Ax.

When a Maine Indian has the choice of a hedgehog, a skunk, a woodchuck and a muskrat for dinner he will select the first named invariably and take the skunk as second choice, leaving the woodchuck, which is the only one of the lot a Maine white man will taste, to the last. Unlike the skunk and the woodchuck, which are lean and unsavory except for a few months in the fall, or the muskrat, which is never fat and which has a strong flavor in spite of parboiling, the hedgehog is always in edible condition and has meat that is as tender and white as that of a spring chicken.

The method of cooking a hedgehog is so simple that a novice can learn in one short lesson. When the epicure is permitted to make a choice he should shun the large old males, which at times weigh thirty or forty pounds. The preparation consists in removing the viscera, washing out the interior and filling the cavity with slices of fat pork, peeled raw potatoes, sprigs of spearmint and wild celery from the brook.

Then, without removing the quills or skinning, the body is plastered thickly with wet clay from the nearest bank. The muddy, bulky mass is thrust into live coals and covered with blazing fagots to be roasted for two hours.

On removal from the coals, the clay is found to have been baked into a hard and solid mass, which must be broken open with an ax or a heavy stone, whereupon the skin and quills of the animal cling to the clay wrapping and fall away, leaving the clean white meat ready to be eaten.—New York Herald.

A Bridge of Ants.

A species of ants which spin silk is common in hot countries. The ants nest in trees, binding the leaves together to make their nests. The silk used for this purpose is not secreted by the adult ants, but by the larvæ. In order to attach the silken threads and draw the leaves together the ants must carry the larvæ about from leaf to leaf. When two distant leaves are to be drawn together a remarkable method is employed. Five or six ants form a chain bridging the gap between the leaves, each gripping the waist of another in its mandibles. A number of such chains will co-operate in bringing two leaves together.

A Legend of Lace.

According to Melchior de Vogue, the legend of lace is as follows: A Venetian sailor gave his ladylove a frond of spreading seaweed to keep him in memory while at sea. But the girl found that the seaweed was rapidly drying up and disappearing. So she caught the fine branches and leaves of the plant with thread against a piece of linen and, working on, with her thoughts following her lover, invented lace.

Force of Habit.

He was an old merchant who had built up a big business by advertising.

"John," said his wife, "what do you want on your tombstone?"

"Oh," he answered, "it isn't very important what the text is so long as it gets good space and is well displayed."—London Telegraph.

Keeps It Well.

Nell—Don't you think Miss Antique keeps her age remarkably well? Belle—Sure. She never gives it away.—Philadelphia Record.

Tragic.

What is more tragic than to forget on "the morning after" that convincing excuse you gave the night before?—Lippincott's.

So much is a man worth as he esteems himself.—Rabelais.

DOCTORING A DIAMOND.

Trick That Makes a Yellow Stone Appear Clear Blue White.

Let me show you a little trick that I would advise you not to put into practice, said a jewel fancier to a number of friends the other day.

The conversation had turned to diamonds during the midday luncheon, and the expert had been holding forth on his favorite subject. The little group of St. Louisans were interested still more when the speaker drew a big solitaire from his finger and beckoned a waiter across the cafe.

"Bring me a glass of water and an indelible pencil," said he when the servitor came over to the table.

"This is a trick that is essentially crooked," said the jewel fancier, "and will get by nine times out of ten even when the examiner is an expert at judging precious stones and detecting trickery. It will make a yellow 'off color' diamond look like a stone of the very first water. Pawnbrokers innumerable have been fooled by this same trick, as it is extremely difficult to detect even with a powerful glass."

The expert took the pencil and allowed the indelible lead to dissolve in the glass of water. In a couple of minutes the water was as blue as indigo water.

"Now watch," said the man who knew the lore of jewels.

He took the ring and dropped it into the glass. Its brilliancy was dimmed by the hazy, bluish water until it looked like a dead stone.

"Now, you noted," said the demonstrator, "that the diamond I placed in there was a bit yellow. It will be a clear bluish white when it comes out of its bath."

At the end of a minute the stone was taken out. The top of the gem was dried with a soft handkerchief and then the ring was waved to and fro for a few moments. It was held up for inspection. Not a gleam of yellow was to be seen. The stone was apparently a magnificent blue white gem that any one would be proud to own and loathe to pledge.

"It is the blue pigment deposited on the back of the stone that has made the difference," said the jewel expert. "The deposit is so filmy that a strong glass cannot detect it. You cannot see it from the rear of the mounting and only a bath of alcohol will remove it. It will stay on the gem for weeks if it is not removed in that way. It used to be a favorite trick of many folks who now and again had to put a diamond into the hands of a pawnbroker.

"The trick is called 'doctoring a stone,' but, as I said in the beginning, I would not advise you to try it. I don't know what the law on such matters is in Missouri, but there are states where a person convicted of such an offense would serve a long penitentiary term for his cleverness."—St. Louis Republic.

How Artificial Furs Are Made.

The raw pieces of pelt are frozen and the skin carefully shaved off, thawed and sent to the tanneries to be made into leather. The frozen fur which remains is allowed to thaw slightly at the bottom, so that a small part of the hair is freed from ice. This thawed portion is then covered with a solution of rubber, which is allowed to set.

The result is that large seamless pieces of fur are obtained much cheaper than those which come with the natural skin. These same artificial furs are said to be more lasting than the real. Because they are immune from the attacks of moths.—Paris Nature.

Values.

We have just got the market price of wires doped out, not to a penny, but close enough. The research work came to an end when we put the subject of marriage up to a prominent bachelor.

"I wouldn't give 50 cents for a wife," he asserted.

"But," we asked, "you'd give a counterfeit half dollar for a better half, wouldn't you?"

He acknowledged that he would. So, you see, were getting right down to cases.—New York Journal.

The Point of View.

"I suppose your clerks are all Republicans?"

"No," said the merchant. "I hire the best men, irrespective of their politics."

"What a queer way to run a business!" commented the politician.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Only a Decoy.

"I think she will make a very domestic wife. I have been calling on her for several months now and always find her darning one of her father's socks."

"But have you noticed that it is always the same old sock?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

High Finance.

"Why do you keep asking people for change for a dollar and then asking other people to give you a dollar for your change?"

"Well, somebody may make a mistake in change some time. And, believe me, it won't be me!"—New York Journal.

Wonderful Kindness.

Hatterns—Is Ghivers good pay? Hanchett—Good pay? Why, once, when his assets were twice as much as his liabilities, he went into bankruptcy so his creditors would get 200 cents on the dollar.—Puck.

The feeble bowl with the wolves, bray with the asses and bleat with the sheep.—Roland.

ODORS AND MOISTURE.

A Scheme That Is Said to Improve the Sense of Smell.

"The most striking fact connected with my school career," said the prep school graduate, "was a peculiar ability on the part of our commandant to detect the faintest odor of smoke in a room on his daily inspection. The school I attended was of the military variety, and smoking was a rather serious offense. No matter how much a room had been aired or fanned with wet towels previous to the inspection, the offender was always caught.

"After I had received my finishing touches and become a citizen I made so bold as to inquire from what peculiar dispensation of providence the ability was given to detect one molecule of smoke in a hundred cubic feet of pure air. The old boy smiled and, binding me to secrecy, imparted the reason of his wonderful ability. Then he took me to a boy's vacated room and told me to wet my finger and rub my nostrils with it and sniff. Lo and behold, where before there seemed no taint in the atmosphere was now detected that smell of old tobacco smoke! Since then I have taught school myself and have used the trick occasionally, entirely for experimental purposes, however.

"I have also sought the scientific explanation, but with little success. It may, however, be somewhat analogous to the process of tasting. You know, it is impossible to taste anything that is not dissolved in water or is not a liquid itself. So the moisture on the nostrils must carry the small particles of smoke in a more or less damp state to the olfactory nerve ends and thus make the smell more apparent. At least this is the only explanation I have ever found for the phenomenon.

"The same thing can also be used for detecting other odors, and I have found it useful on a number of occasions for this purpose, both in analytical chemistry, when only a small particle of a certain material is available for analysis, and in detecting faint perfume from flowers that are ordinarily quite odorless."—Chicago Record-Herald.

COUNTING HEADS.

The First Census Was Taken by Moses in the Wilderness.

There is a record of a census in China as far back as the year 2042 B. C. and of one in Japan in the last century before Christ. Under the constitution of Solon the citizens of Athens were divided and registered in four classes, according to the amount of their taxable property or income. The Roman census was burdened with more statistics than any of these, however. It had its origin under Servius Tullius, sixth king of Rome, and was an affair of much solemnity. Every citizen had to appear upon the Campus Martius and declare upon oath his name and dwelling and the value of his property under the penalty of having his goods confiscated.

The most ancient statistical record of a census is found in the Bible. The census was taken by Moses in the wilderness, and, as shown by the first chapter of Numbers, the enumeration must have been very simple. "Take ye," says this account, "the sum of all the congregations of the children of Israel, after their families, by the house of their fathers, with the number of their names, every male by their polls; from twenty years old and upward, all that are able to go forth to war in Israel; thou and Aaron shall number them by their armies." This census was an affair that must have been soon over, lasting no longer than one day, being merely a counting of the heads of the fighting men. The women and children and cripples and the old men were not included; "neither were the Levites numbered among them." Those who did stand up to be numbered totaled 603,550.—New York World.

His Bad Break.

"Why on earth do you come to me to borrow money, Billups?" said Harkaway peevishly. "Why don't you go to Jorrocks? He's the prosperous looking member of our set."

"That's just it, Harkaway," said Billups. "Jorrocks looks so very prosperous that I am quite sure he spends every penny he makes, but you, old man—why, you dress like a man who saves his money."

P. S.—He didn't get it.—Harper's Weekly.

It Was His Own.

Shirley Brooks, the famous Punch editor, once met Charles Salamar, the composer. On being introduced to Shirley the composer said:

"I had often and often seen your face, Mr. Brooks, but I never knew to whom it belonged."

"Oh," replied Brooks quickly, "it always belonged to me."

Stronger Than Sympathy.

"I am glad to see, anyhow, that you sympathize with the under dog in this barbarous fight."

"Sympathize with 'im? Gosh, mister, all the money I've got is up on that dawg!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Superlative.

Smith (to member of vested choir)—I hear you've got a new tenor in the choir. What kind of a voice has he—good? Jones—Good? I should say so! It's so good none of the other tenors will speak to him.—Life.

What It May Come To.

Customs Officer—Baby born at home or abroad?

Mother—Abroad.

"Well, ye'll have to pay duty on it."—Life.

OLD WAR DAYS.

1.

Ah! I remember still
And it stirs me with a thrill
Of those old war days—the old war days
now gone;
And it's forty years and more
Since the deaf old flag we bore
On to victory, through the war of sixty-
one,
While swift years hurt and bloom
In memory there is room
For there's never a day but we recall with
pride
The deeds brave comrades done
Through the war of sixty-one
When we fought the war for freedom
side by side.

Chorus.

Three cheers for the Stripes and Stars
And the gallant Yankee Tars,
Who gave their lives in strife, those old
war days;
All honor to the graves of our noble, true
and brave
Who brought our flag safe through those
old war days.

2.

Now those old war days are gone
With the battles lost and won,
When we marched and fought together,
comrades dear,
And forever o'er the breasts of those
who're gone to rest,
We'll strew the choicest blossoms we love
best.
Ah! the old guard tried and true, who
faced death in Army blue
Will never fail to save our country's
pride.
Aye! for liberty they live
And for truth their lives will give
By the Stars and Stripes forever they'll
abide.

Chorus.

C. E. HARRINGTON.
Bradford, Pa., April 29, 1911.

A DAMPER ON DISCIPLINE.

"Where's that child?" I said an' went
An' cut a long beech rod, an' from
Branches off, an' really meant
T' use it right on when he come
T' it right! an' learn him not
T' gallivant through my cornfields,
Specially when he knows he's got
T' get the cows and do the chores.

"Where's that boy?" I says, sez I,
The neighbors' folks, a-thinkin' they
Might 'a' seen him goin' past,
An' I'd shet him when he'd come away;
Navy hide over hair they'd seen
No more 'n me! an' I'm, I stretched
Fingers 'round that limber green
Beech rod o' mine mitwell they etched!

"Where's that child?" I set an' got
A bottle tobacky t' extract,
Thinkin' nothin' like an old
Beech rod sometimes t' set things straight!
Jammed through the left an' out
Bobbed the knot and down the sun,
Knows sometimes think about
An' head for when they lose for fun.

"Where's my boy?" I whittled an' then
As if in answer there he come
Home the path of time again
An' looked straight for us at home
Straight! Back an' straight an' much
And proud as usual, as like as not
An' draggin' from a killer he took
The first horned cow he ever caught!

"Where you been?" I says, an' looked
Right in his eyes an' there I saw
Pockets of the Reddy an' he asks
An' things a youngun loves! My Law,
All my temper left my head.
I throwed that beech rod good an'
strong!
Stead o' what I'd planned, I said:
"Why don't y' take your pa along?"

—John D. Wells, in Buffalo Evening News.

Temperature Without Change.

At the bottom of the sea the temperature remains practically unaltered at any one spot throughout the whole of the year.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
—of the—

HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY, of Smethport, Pa., Main Street, of McKean County, Pennsylvania, at the close of business April 29, 1911.

Resources.

Reserve Fund:		
Cash, Specie and Notes		$ 13623 95
Due from Approved Reserve Agents		35262 19
Legal securities as per 27500 to		36685 14
Nickels and cents		357 78
Checks and cash items		202 91
Due from Banks and Trust Cos. not in reserve		2019 87
Commercial paper purchased, viz:		
Upon one name	$ 72707 35	
Upon two or more names	1055 to	75811 35
Loans upon call with collateral		7835 00
Time loans with collateral		192711 85
Loans secured by bonds and mortgages		3958 10
Loans without collateral		13491 21
Investment securities owned exclusive of reserve bonds, viz:		
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	$205280 37	
Mortgages and judgments of record	37881 00	241161 61
Other Building and Lot		12241 91
Furniture and Fixtures		2963 28
Overdrafts		1125 31
Bank value of reserve securities above par		1113 90
Total,		$870019 73

Liabilities.

Capital stock paid in	$250000 00
Surplus fund	100000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	41228 05
Deposits subject to check (exclusive of Trust Funds)	$215189 01
Time Certificates of Deposit (Exclusive of Trust Funds)	230387 19 530571 23
Due to Commonwealth	20000 00
Treasurer's and Certified Checks outstanding	5147 17
Total,	$870019 73

Total Trust Funds, None.

Corporate Trusts.

Total amount of the face value of Trusts under deeds of trust or mortgages executed by Corporations to the Company as Trustee to secure issues of corporate bonds, including Equipment Trusts ..... $ 67000 00

State of Penna., County of McKean, ss: I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed) RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of May, 1911.

(Signed) HALLIE WALKER, Notarial Seal Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
(Signed) H. H. REDFIELD,
(Signed) JAS. A. McKEAN,
(Signed) CHAS. McKEAN,
Directors.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 33, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Iowa Blue Lilly, did on the 17th day of Oct., 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you James Frank Lilly.

We therefore command you, the said James Frank Lilly, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Iowa Blue Lilly and show cause if any you have, why the said Iowa Blue Lilly, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1911.
R. J. Campbell, Libellant's Atty.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 102, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Clara Francis Watters, did on the 9th day of Nov., 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frank Watters.

We therefore command you, the said Frank Watters, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Clara Francis Watters and show cause, if any you have, why the said Clara Francis Watters, your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1911.
Melvin & Melvin, Libellant's Attys.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 103, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Chauncey B. Rook, did on the 9th day of Nov., 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ruth B. Rook.

We therefore command you, the said Ruth B. Rook, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Chauncey B. Rook, and show cause if any you have, why the said Chauncey B. Rook, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1911.
Melvin & Melvin, Libellant's Attys.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 105, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Daisy Dresser, did on the 15th day of Aug., 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth that she might have annulled the supposed or alleged marriage entered into with you, the said William E. Dresser.

We therefore command you, the said William Dresser, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Daisy Dresser, and show cause if any you have, why the said Daisy Dresser, your supposed husband, should not have the supposed bonds of matrimony absolutely annulled. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1911.
Mullin & Woods, Libellant's Attys.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 70, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Nellie E. Baker, did on the 6th day of Oct., 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ernest E. Baker.

We therefore command you, the said Ernest E. Baker, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Nellie E. Baker, and show cause if any you have, why the said Nellie E. Baker, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1911.
W. J. Milliken, Libellant's Atty.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 110, December Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Lizzie Maud O'Herron, did on the 11th day of Nov., 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you William J. O'Herron.

We therefore command you, the said William J. O'Herron, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Lizzie Maud O'Herron and show cause if any you have, why the said Lizzie Maud O'Herron, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1911.
W. J. Milliken, Libellant's Atty.

NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas for the County of McKean, on Monday, the 5th day of June, A. D. 1911, at two o'clock P. M., under the corporation Act of April 29th, 1856, P. L. 532, of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and the supplements to and amendments thereof, for a decree dissolving the corporate existence of BACKUS NOVELTY COMPANY, a corporation created and existing under the laws of this Commonwealth, having its principal place of business at Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, and extinguishing all and singular its franchises, privileges and powers.

V. B. BOUTON,
FREDERICK W. BACKUS,
Solicitors.

May 11-3t

The Human Cookbook.

THE SOCIAL CLIMBER.

Mix a season of snubs with some cuts and a roast
And sprinkle with buckets of "dust!"
Remove undesirable friends of the past;
Add the motto "Four Hundred or Bust!"

A SWEETHEART.

Take a peach and remove both her parents;
And a suggestion of dough;
Garnish with bonbons and flowers
And turn down the gas rather low.
—Life.

Educational.

"Do they teach domestic science at your college?" inquired the visitor of the freshman.

"Only sewing," replied the freshman.

"Good idea," said the visitor. "And what do you sew chiefly?"

"Wild oats," replied the freshman.—Harper's Weekly.

Took It to Heart.

"Didn't you hear all of the professor's lecture?"

"Why, no. He began by saying that sleep is the secret of right living, and then I came home and went to bed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Terminological Inexactitude.

It is what might be called a "terminological inexactitude" to say that a man is "inclined to be bald." As a rule, to become bald is absolutely against a man's inclinations.

WAVERLY SPECIAL
Perfect Lubrication Without Carbon Deposit
A thin, pale oil, made from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Best for either air-cooled or water-cooled cars. No fictitious body—high real viscosity. *Will not congeal.*
Ask your dealer. Write us, if he can't supply you.
Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independent Refiners
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Makers of "Waverly" Gasolines
AUTO OIL

G. H. DENNING
MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries
Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

BATTERIES
I handle one of the best batteries made and at a reasonable price. If you use any electricity in your business let me supply it.
E. W. STRONG

We most heartily request your early inspection of our now complete showing of
SPRING AND SUMMER WOOLENS
From the best Mills at Home and Abroad, any portion of your esteemed order will be most highly appreciated.
BAKER & GELDER
Men's and Boys' Clothing and Outfitters
Successors to WM. HORNER & CO.
Olean House Block, Olean, N. Y.